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CAILLAUX IS BACK in the French Ministry of Finance, Jacques Sadoul has been acquitted, and Emile Vandervelde has become the first Socialist Prime Minister of Belgium—all signs that the night of the war has passed, and that the new reaction is not as dark as some, appalled by German cheers for Hindenburg, would paint it. After a long cabinet crisis France has settled down to a new Cabinet headed by Paul Painlevé, a man of Herriot's political faith whom Clemenceau ousted from the premiership in 1917; among Painlevé's collaborators are the veteran politician Briand, who takes over the Foreign Office; and Caillaux, the father of the French income-tax law. Caillaux's return, after Clemenceau had sought to hang him for treason and had succeeded in exiling him from Paris, is a symbol that France has at last recovered from the war. And Caillaux is an able and determined man, who should be able to make Frenchmen pay taxes if anyone can. Acquittal of Sadoul, the French officer who turned bolshevist while attached to the French Military Mission in Russia in 1917-1918, and then was sentenced to death in France while still safe in Russia, is another symptom of the new dawn in France. Sadoul returned last year and demanded a new trial; the officers who tried him this time set him free. Meanwhile France's little northerly neighbor, Belgium, has had a new election which unexpectedly made the Socialists the strongest party in the kingdom. They are still a minority; Emile Vandervelde takes the helm much as Ramsay MacDonald did in England, under a heavy handicap. Vandervelde, however, is even more cautious than MacDonald; he held office in the war ministry. Still other good news comes from Ulster. The election cut down Sir James Craig's majority in the little Ulster Parliament by seven seats. That leaves him in control, but is a stinging protest against his obstinate refusal to face the boundary issue sanely.

"MADE IN MOSCOW" is a convenient rubber stamp which the newspapers use wherever there is a rebellion or revolution anywhere in Europe. Bulgaria has just been having a typical Balkan attack of political indigestion, in which several generals of the present regime were killed, and a bomb exploded at the church funeral of one of them. A lesson in Bulgarian history and politics would do the writers of the dispatches good. Bulgaria has few cities and virtually no industrial workers. Accordingly she has few Communists. But she has had the best organized agrarian party in Europe. Under Stambuliski it held office for four years after the war; and most of the war-time leaders seized the opportunity to find safety in exile. Some of those who remained were tried and sentenced to death. Stambuliski posed as a pacifist, but he did not apply his pacifist principles to his political opponents. In June, 1923, the present rulers of Bulgaria—the king is a mere figurehead, surviving from one arbitrary regime to another—succeeded in a bloody overnight revolution, and Stambuliski was conveniently "shot while attempting to escape." The new rulers held an election, and, like Stambuliski in his heyday, won most of the seats in Parliament. Reports direct from Sofia make it plain that the recent uprising, which is being drowned in blood—thousands of "executions" are reported—is primarily an attempt to reestablish the agrarian regime.

THE REPEAL OF THE DIRECT-PRIMARY LAW in Colorado, with return to the State-convention system, is another sign of reaction. For some years past politicians in the East have been toying with the idea; in New York, at least, they have not yet ventured seriously to propose it. That Colorado, long looked upon as a progressive State, should take the lead in reestablishing a system against which there was such a popular revolt two decades ago, would be surprising if it were not that Colorado has never been as free a State as was supposed. The power of organized capital is very great; some of the most powerful corporations have their headquarters there; and the Denver press, as to whose immorality there were such amazing revelations during the oil inquiries a year ago, has been notably unfaithful to its trust. Last fall the voters defeated for reelection an excellent Governor, William E. Sweet, and a useful and able Senator, Alva Adams; and Judge Lindsey has only barely won the fight to retain the juvenile court which the Klan and his other enemies sought to take from him. With the machine once more in the saddle the

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abolition of the primary, which has been the chief bulwark of progressive success in the Northwest, seems to have been easy. It is a bad example that should not be allowed to spread.

THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS at its recent convention in Richmond agreed on a long and complex program dealing with social, industrial, political, and educational questions of the widest variety. Most of the proposals were the result of careful study by committees of experts; and most of them were innocuous. The League, however, sticks staunchly to its support of the child-labor amendment in spite of the opposition of business and the slow progress toward ratification. It voted, also, to back the World Court, and favored government ownership and operation of Muscle Shoals. Most of the sharply controversial questions were ruled out or put over for further study: the uniform marriage law, the report on jury service for women, the birth-control proposal. Legal equality for women was very generally indorsed—to be won act by act and State by State. After some opposition a report recommending a federal department of education was accepted. For an active organization of several million women to favor even this degree of change is an encouraging political symptom—especially in these days of public apathy and reaction.

THE POWER OF JUDGES to fine and imprison persons for contempt of court without trial by jury is one which, as our readers are aware, we believe should be restricted, if not altogether abolished. The power has been used increasingly within recent years until it promises to become a most dangerous weapon for the suppression of freedom of criticism as well as of action. We are glad, therefore, to see the Iowa Supreme Court voluntarily limiting the use of this process. Some time ago Judge Hume of Des Moines sentenced a man for contempt because of an article in the Des Moines *News*. The article criticized the judge's decisions not because of their content but because of what was asserted to be their unjudicial and ridiculous diction. In overruling Judge Hume the Supreme Court made this excellent comment:

> The power to punish for contempt is a trust imposed in the courts not to protect the individual judge but the people whose laws they interpret and whose authority they exercise. . . . So long as published criticism does not impede the due administration of law, it were better that we maintain the guaranty of our constitution (freedom of speech and press) than undertake to compel respect, to punish libel by the summary process of attachment for contempt. . . . It is not thus that an intelligent and independent court will attempt to secure public confidence . . . and the statutory limitation of this power rather than its enlargement tends to strengthen the judiciary and attach it to the affections and esteem of the people.

GREAT BRITAIN has been discussing the question of capital punishment in the army, and has decided to retain the death penalty in time of war for a variety of offenses not of the most serious character. An interdepartmental committee was urged to modify the severity of the army law. It reported in favor of abolishing the death penalty in time of peace except for mutiny, but for war time it upheld the old, barbarous code. Parliament followed the committee's report, but an able speech by Mr. Thurtle, an American-born Labor member, gave the subject a publicity which it has not had before and put the War Office distinctly on the defensive. As often in such cases, the action of Parliament may prove, therefore, to be only an opening rather than a settlement of the issue. As the *Manchester Guardian* puts it: "Those who are shocked by its retention [the death penalty] should remember that the real evil is war itself. The firing party and its victim is a cruel and hideous thing, but no more cruel and hideous than the soil from which it springs." The connection between the death penalty and war is one that may well be stressed. Both represent the unreason, the ineffectiveness, and the inhumanity of barbarism. They have no place among beings that are trying to stand upright and live under a rule of the head and the heart.

HOLLAND MAY BE the next nation to disarm totally. Following the Danish example the Dutch Social Democratic Party has introduced a bill reducing the standing army from 327,000 actives and reserves to 25,000 men, the exact number in the United States regular army prior to 1898. The navy is to be reduced to a dozen guard ships and a dozen seaplanes, the armament cost being reduced from 100,000,000 florins to 17,000,000. This is sound common sense. Everybody knows that it was not the armies of Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark which prevented their being overrun during the World War. Their defense forces could no more have saved them than the army of Belgium was able to safeguard its frontiers. The Dutch Social Democrats have stressed this point, dwelling particularly upon the manner in which the newest methods of warfare have inured to the benefit of the large nations as against the small. It is, of course, hardly to be expected that the bill will pass at once. Indeed, it is believed that the issue will be precipitated into the next parliamentary elections and be fought out there, as it should be, so that the public may have a chance to vote upon the question even if only indirectly. Should Holland disarm, Belgium might well follow her example. With Germany entirely stripped of her armaments there would then be no excuse for Belgium to waste millions upon millions to "protect" herself against England and France, her allies and rescuers. No other nation comes into her picture.

DON QUIXOTE HAS CHANGED his helmet for a gas mask; his Rosinante has become a tank; but his purpose is as high and holy as it ever was—the championship of the lovely Dulcinea. So at least Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske intimated in a speech he made recently before a group of New England women. He told them that even today the fundamental causes of war lie not in the field of economics but in the ancient, chivalric desire of men to win the love and praise of women; and he denounced women pacifists. Of course, chivalry has altered a bit. It is now a profession, stabilized and subsidized by governments—no self-respecting country can afford to have brave knights roaming about poorly dressed and ill equipped; it has widened its scope, as all progressive industries must; jousts are conducted on a large and efficient scale and the rewards of valor are collected in a business-like manner; while the Lady Fair symbolizes, in a beautiful way, all women. What could be more generous, or noble, or up-to-date? And yet many of the women—foolish creatures!—for whose sole benefit and honor this great institution has

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been developed, would destroy it utterly. How disgusting and ungrateful that Dulcinea should turn pacifist! No wonder that Admiral Fiske, his mind still imprisoned in Don Quixote's century, is indignant.

NOW AND THEN SOMEONE graphically reveals the ragged edge of our civilization. Jacob Billikopf, executive director of the Federation of Jewish Charities of Philadelphia and impartial chairman in the men's clothing industry in New York City, has just lifted up the carpet and shown Philadelphia what she is. Philadelphia thinks herself prosperous; she is, relatively, a city of homes; but even her home-dwellers sublet rooms, heat with stoves, and share their toilet facilities. Her municipal-research experts say that it takes $1,923 a year to maintain a family of five in health and decency, but the bulk of her unskilled workers receive less than $1,200, and the bulk of her skilled workers less than $1,800 a year. How do they manage? Mr. Billikopf answers:

> Marriage is being postponed. . . . A large proportion are limiting the size of their families. . . . The work of women and children pieces out the income in another group of family. And still others live on a standard of living in which health, decency, and self-respect are jeopardized.

Mr. Billikopf also dwells on the relentless advertising pressure upon the working class to buy, buy, buy. The very men who preach thrift spend thousands of dollars trying to make poor men miserable if they do not buy things they cannot afford. "I sometimes wonder," he says, "whether there is not far more danger of a social revolution caused by making people want intensely what they cannot buy than of one caused by talking to them about theories of distribution."

DOES A NATION'S ADVERSITY stimulate its inventive powers? One is inclined to ask this question in view of the numerous striking inventions reported from Germany, such as the rotorship, the device for raising sunken vessels which seems to be producing extraordinary results, and the fourteen-horse-power "aero-dynamo" to be run by wind—a modern windmill. So interested is the British Minister of Agriculture in this machine, which is the invention of a Major Bielau, that he has had the invention taken to England for experimentation there. All of which recalls the recent prophecy of J. B. S. Haldane in his "Daedalus, or Science of the Future":

> Personally I think that four hundred years hence the power question in England may be solved somewhat as follows: The country will be covered with rows of metallic windmills working electric motors which in their turn supply current at a very high voltage to great electric mains. At suitable distances there will be great power stations where during windy weather the surplus power will be used for the electrolytic decomposition of water into oxygen and hydrogen. These gases will be liquefied, and stored in vats, vacuum-jacketed reservoirs, probably sunk in the ground.

It is naturally too soon to say just how valuable these particular German inventions will be—there are still more skeptics than believers in the rotorship. But there is no doubt that the Germans, always an inventive people, have been driven to putting their wits to work by their extreme need of the last few years and the desire to free themselves from the crushing load of debt that is theirs. On the other hand, this phenomenon was not noticed in our South after it was in ruins; the truth is that the Southerner has never been given to invention. Even the cotton gin originated with a native of Connecticut.

THE BEST-PAID KING IN THE WORLD is the King of Siam, according to a republican propaganda pamphlet issued in Germany. Next comes Victor Emanuel of Italy; poor King George of England ranks third, with a bagatelle of $2,900,000 a year for spending-money. After all the king business is still almost as good as steel-making in America, if the German compiler is right, for these are the salaries and civil lists accorded:

The King of Siam	$3,500,000
The King of Italy	3,200,000
The King of England	2,900,000
The Emperor of Japan	2,250,000
The King of Spain	1,775,000
The King of the Belgians	1,075,000
The King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes	655,500
The King of Rumania	500,000
The King of Sweden	463,600
The King of Bulgaria	400,000
The King of Denmark	300,000
The King of Norway	244,000

If Europe still wastes millions of dollars each year on her toy kings, she can at least claim that she has cut her bill more than in half. The Kaiser used to dispose of some five millions a year; Franz Josef of Austria had slightly less; and the Czar eight millions and a half—and they all are gone. It is possible, however, that with all her new republics Europe today spends as much on republican pomp and flummery as the old regimes invested in the tinsel of royalty.

A JOB AWAITS YOU through the National Employment Exchange provided you fill these qualifications "required by our clients":

1. American born.
2. Speak English with no accent.
3. Minimum 2 yrs. H. S. or equivalent.
4. Modesty in dress.
5. Refinement of manner.

The National Employment Exchange must be a nice organization because its advertisement in the New York newspapers says it was founded by such nice men as Otto T. Bannard, Robert W. de Forest, J. Pierpont Morgan, L. F. Loree, and John D. Rockefeller, and no doubt the clients are as nice as the founders. We can understand, therefore, the last three conditions imposed upon applicants. We wonder, though, if a Down East Yankee speaks English without an accent. Or a Middle Westerner? Or a Southerner? Does any American speak English without an accent in the opinion of an Englishman? And isn't it a bit unreasonable to ask for accentless speech from an applicant for one of the exchange's advertised openings as "Translator, Span., French, Ger., $35"; "Spanish-English Stenog., $30-$35"; "German-Eng. Stenogs. (2), $30"? Finally, provided the exchange can find a young man or woman measuring up to its last four somewhat exacting requirements, why does it matter whether his or her place of birth is Weehawken, Liverpool, or Rio de Janeiro? The slogan at the head of the exchange's advertisement reads: "Some positions are just—jobs!" We rise to add: "Some employers are just—snobs!"

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John Singer Sargent

WHEN John Sargent emerged from the studio of Carolus-Duran in Paris almost half a century ago he had acquired—instinctively, it seemed—a virtuosity of technique, a style so distinguished, especially in the painting of portraits, that his contemporaries hailed him as the inheritor of the most eminent traditions of the past. His name was linked with those of Frans Hals and Velasquez. He was the one almost undisputed "immortal" of the day. His Wertheimer portraits were hung in the National Gallery in a special room, an unheard-of honor to a painter still alive in the flesh. It was as if the prophetic shades of the old masters had spoken and imperiously welcomed him into their ranks, contemptuous of the slow process of time which had sifted and tested their own fame. A tradition of Sargent as the impregnable reincarnation of all that was great in the painting of an elder Spain and Holland took shape and persisted in America for many years.

We clung to him proudly as an American, although like Whistler he spent most of his life abroad, and revealed little in his art that could with any great show of eloquence be interpreted as American. During the present century the remote, Olympian spell he had cast upon the national imagination began to dim as a younger generation came on. His portraits were not so frequently seen. Then came the exhibition of his work last year at the Grand Central Palace, which afforded young America an opportunity to view a characteristic assembly of his portraits and to understand some of the reasons for the extraordinary vogue which he has so long enjoyed.

From the standpoint of sheer technical authority—the deft manipulation of pigment, the wizardry of brushwork—Sargent indeed approaches Hals. It is difficult to see how posterity can fail to ratify contemporary enthusiasm for the candor and audacity of Sargent's brush. Every subject he attacked offered problems to be solved by suave and brilliant execution—and he carried them off with a spontaneity that was astounding. Painters who understand the technical difficulties which he challenged still marvel at the cunning twists of the brush that carry just the right weight, tone, and quality of pigment to suggest with startling economy certain truths of modeling or texture. His dispassionate, intellectual preoccupation with the rendering of surfaces led him at times to scamp fundamental form, leaving frequent passages aesthetically empty. His virtuosity, however, despite the plastic limitations of his art, carries an aesthetic delight of its own to all but the most intolerant of the modernists.

Sargent had a sharp eye for character, the knack of disengaging and presenting without overstatement the significant truth about a sitter. At one time there was a legend concerning his uncanny, diabolical penetration into the innermost recesses of the human soul. This legend had its influence upon his vogue, and women in particular petitioned sittings from him with all the thrill of embarking upon a fearful adventure. A story is current that a lady once asked him if he really had the power to rend the veil that conceals the hidden deeps of personality. Sargent is reported to have scoffed at the suggestion, replying that if there was a veil to be removed all he could do was to paint the veil. This, of course, sums up the truth of the matter. Sargent merely was a consummate and dispassionate reflector of what he saw.

Although as a craftsman Sargent was richly endowed, his art was deficient in design and in color, potentially the two most profoundly moving elements in painting. He revealed in his portraits a certain felicity in the "placing" of sitters on the canvas, but in real composition he showed small understanding or originality. His forms seem to lack the organic harmony and aesthetic vitality which result from a truly creative synthesis. His usual attitude toward nature as a fascinating problem of surfaces inviting facile transcription was fatal to any vital approach to composition. He did astonishing snapshots like The Hermit, in the Metropolitan, and the water-colors in the Brooklyn Museum. These are often subtle in values and magnificent always as technique, but they are done impersonally and affect one only in the degree that life itself does.

So, too, Sargent thought in terms of pigment and values rather than in terms of color. For him values superseded color and were of vastly greater importance. Of color in its deeper functional significance, as it was understood by Renoir and Cézanne, Sargent had no glimmering. He never conceived it as a source of pure sensuous delight. And this being so, he never achieved the vibrant color chords which knit all the elements of a composition together in the painting of the supreme colorists.

No doubt the present tendency among the younger artists to underrate Sargent is swinging too far. The pendulum will swing as far in the direction of extravagant detraction as it once swung toward intemperate and uncritical adulation. Sargent will in the end occupy a niche in the hall of fame a few pegs lower than that assigned him by his idolaters of a generation ago; but no real modern craftsman who respects sound workmanship will dismiss him as a merely facile portrait-factory. His keen grasp of character and his prodigious dexterity in his chosen medium should command honor and respect in all the time to come.

What has been Sargent's influence upon his fellow artists in America? Surely he has not stimulated them profoundly toward native and personal forms of expression. He was scarcely affected at all by his great French contemporaries—Manet, Degas, Renoir, Gauguin, Cézanne—those disturbing innovators who were plowing up the very roots of art and fertilizing and enriching them by new forces that were intensely personal, authentic, and vital. Old artistic domains were resurveyed; old frontiers were pushed back; restless expeditions set out into the stirring, mysterious darkness and returned with rich spoils of conquest. In the midst of it all Sargent painted on urbanely in a temple dedicated to the portrait traditions of the English school. Bankers, academicians, princes, lords, and ladies scattered incense while the serene shades of Van Dyke, Reynolds, and Gainsborough piped softly in the background.

If Sargent did not sow dragon's teeth upon the fallow soil of art it was because the seed was not in his possession. He did well that which was set apart for him to do, and lived his art life with great-hearted humility and noble dignity. Such traits of personality shed fine gleams, surely, into the memory of men.

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Kansas Overruled

THE Supreme Court has killed the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, and for that we rejoice. The Kansas court, ostensibly an instrument to preserve industrial peace by enforcing compulsory arbitration, was in fact a promoter of strikes and discord, and in practice a weapon against labor. It is three years since Alexander Howat, leader of the Kansas miners, went to jail for defying the court; but the Wolff Packing Company, which refused to obey the court's orders regarding working conditions and hours of labor, was able to avail itself of the infinite delays with which an able lawyer protects property interests.

It is important, therefore, to distinguish between the immediate effect of the Supreme Court's decision, and the possible ramifications of its course of reasoning. The immediate effect is to take the teeth out of the Kansas act. That act provided in the food, clothing, mining, and transportation industries a form of compulsory arbitration which labor considered a kind of industrial slavery. It refused to permit a worker to strike. Less attention was paid to the possible enslavement of capital—the act not only required an employer to follow the dictates of the court if he continued to do business but it required him to continue business upon the court's conditions. It was—naturally—to this latter power that the Supreme Court took exception. The Kansas act differed from other industrial-arbitration acts (except those of Australia and New Zealand), in that it made failure to observe its awards a crime. Canada has—or had until recently—a successful procedure which required submission of disputes to arbitration, but left enforcement to public opinion. The peculiarity of the Kansas act is that it left nothing to public opinion; the court's ruling became law. As the Supreme Court rightly said, the Kansas court was far more than a court; it was an administrative board, fixing—in case of controversy—wages and hours of labor, and compelling both parties to a dispute to obey it. The disputants could not even, as is usual in arbitration, select one of the judges.

This, the Supreme Court has ruled, is a violation of the due-process-of-the-law clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Its decision was, in fact, essentially an elaboration of a decision made two years ago. At that time it ruled out certain decisions of the Kansas board—or court—regarding working conditions. This time it applied the same reasoning—as, logically, it must—to hours of labor and wages. The whole Kansas system stands or falls together—and by the Supreme Court's decision it falls. Henry Allen's panacea for industrial unrest is dead.

But the Supreme Court, it should be observed, did not assert that any compulsory-arbitration program would be unconstitutional. It merely ruled that in the case of the Wolff Packing Company the public interest was too attenuated to warrant any such extension of the power of the state over the individual. Referring to its previous decision the court said:

> Care was taken to point out that operating a railroad, keeping an inn, conducting an elevator, and following a common calling are not all in the same class, and particularly to point out the distinctions between a quasi-public business conditioned under a public grant implying a correlative duty to operate, a business ordinarily private which comes to be affected with a public interest through a change *in pais*, and a business which not only was private in the beginning but has remained such. The conclusion was that power to compel the continuance of a business because affected with a public interest was altogether exceptional.

The court concluded that this power could exist only "where the obligation of the public of continuous service is direct, clear and mandatory, and arises as a contractual condition expressed or implied of entering the business either as of owner or worker." In such a case, the court remarked, there would exist a condition somewhat "equivalent" to the appointment of officers and enlistment of soldiers and sailors in the military service.

The implication is plain. Where "the obligation to the public of continuous service is direct and clear" the Supreme Court would presumably accept provisions making strikes illegal. It would regard railroad workers as in such a category, and it implies that it might be willing to accept a statute which made a railroad strike equivalent to desertion from the army. Mines the court nowhere mentioned, perhaps because the judges were not sure in their own minds whether mining was as essential a public service as railroading and more essential than a packing house. The line between such essential and non-essential industries is, in any case, a tenuous and subjective one. The framers of the Kansas statute regarded clothing and packing as essential; the Supreme Court does not—yet.

Meanwhile if labor—or capital—wishes to avoid the extension of compulsory arbitration it will be well to extend and develop voluntary arbitration. The machinery of adjustment, the development of constitutional government in industry which has made such notable progress in the garment trades in New York and Chicago, will have to be carried further. And that involves one thing which the Kansas statute left out—recognition of the union as a factor in industrial government.

Speed at Sea

NEXT to the fact that she can carry seventy-five airplanes the most interesting characteristic of the Saratoga, the new airplane-carrier just launched for the navy, is that she will be able to make between thirty-three and thirty-four knots an hour. This puts her among the fastest ships in the world, as it makes her the fastest ship of her size. Small naval vessels, scout-cruisers, destroyers, and destroyer-leaders can do as well and better, and some of the new British battleships are credited with more than thirty knots on their trial trips. But, obviously, this extraordinary ship—in herself an effort to offset the results of the Washington Conference which failed to put limits upon this new type of craft—surpasses anything of her own tonnage. Should she voyage at full speed from New York to Cherbourg, she could make the crossing in less than four days. The Mauretania now holds the record, having made the trip in 5 days 1 hour and 59 minutes, at an average rate of 26.25 knots per hour. That was a remarkable performance because it was made when the ship was seventeen years old; it certainly speaks much for her upkeep and the thoroughness of her repair.

There is, of course, a noteworthy difference between naval vessels and merchant ships. When it is said of the Saratoga that she can make thirty-three knots one is not to suppose that her engines are built, like those of the Mauretania, with a view to sustaining her maximum speed month

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in and month out, year in and year out. The naval ship is constructed to respond to a sudden demand for all her power, which demand may last for some hours or some days, and may happen but once, if at all, in her entire career—such as the war-time cruise of the Oregon or the dash of Admiral Beatty's cruisers off Jutland. The ordinary destroyer can make a fast voyage and be pushed in an emergency to her best speed, but her engines are not built for constant cruising at top power. At the same time, no one need decry the extraordinary engineering achievement which has given to the Saratoga her tremendous engine power—180,000 horse-power—and the resultant celerity. Moreover, the attainment of thirty-three knots by this ship has a direct bearing upon the value of dirigibles. If there should appear in a few years transatlantic liners capable of crossing in three days, the dirigible must cut that time at least in half in order to be commercially desirable and profitable.

So far, we must admit, there is no sign anywhere of the appearance of the thirty-three-knot liner. Shipping men tell us, when we suggest a boat of that speed, that she would be so unprofitable as to be impossible. The amount of fuel necessary to propel a ship at that speed would be greatly in excess of that required for even the fastest of transatlantic merchant vessels, increasing the already too heavy operating expenses of such service. In winter time the ship could not make her speed, and there would be so few business travelers to whom a saving of a day or so would be worth double or treble the ordinary price of a voyage as to render it impossible to keep her going. Thus runs expert opinion. Yet we should like to see the experiment tried, if only for the sake of the mails. Indeed, we have long wondered why the Navy Department has not let one of each type of craft see just how fast it could cover the Atlantic Ocean. The army has been so enterprising in the air, it would seem as if the navy might be tempted to try for records in its own field. There would be much worth while to be gained from such a test.

In the merchant-ship world there is today not only no effort to construct larger and faster boats; there is a distinct retrogression as to speed and size. Take all the new ships now coming out; if one can make nineteen knots it is the exception. The Hamburg-American Company, for instance, has just announced a new vessel to be called the Hamburg, with a speed like that of her sister ships, the Deutschland and the Albert Ballin, of only sixteen knots, which means voyages of ten to eleven days to Hamburg. The company has found this a profitable speed and has carried passengers sufficient to show that the type is popular—these vessels are specially designed for stability and to roll as little as possible. The newest Cunarder, the Carinthia, just launched, also has a speed of only sixteen knots and a tonnage of 10,400, which contrasts with the 21,000 tons of the Hamburg. Nowhere is there today talk of building new Leviathans or Mauretanias, not even in our government circles, which a year ago were discussing three more Leviathans for our national glorification. The Leviathans and Majestics do not pay because of their enormous expenses and the inability to keep them even partially filled in the winter time. Hence the resort to winter cruises to all parts of the globe as a means of at least breaking even. In cruising it is again not speed but comfort which counts; some of the most popular boats are among the slowest. The speed mania may have its way with the auto and the airplane, but on the sea it is losing its vogue.

John Doe Pays the Postage

THE extent to which our government is getting to be less and less one for the benefit of the general public and increasingly a device to favor business is well illustrated by the new postal rates. Organized business groups, with political pull and money to send lobbyists to Washington, will have to pay little or nothing more than formerly. They get out from under, leaving their share of the load to be carried by John and Jane Doe—the great mass of unorganized and unprotected individuals.

How this works out may be seen from a glance at the new second-class rates—that is, the charges for newspapers, magazines, and other publications issued periodically. Special and cheaper rates by the pound have long been given to the publishers of such material than to ordinary individuals. These low rates are believed by many to represent one of the chief losses of the Post Office Department. They have been justified on the ground that newspapers and magazines are an educational force and should be carried at a loss if necessary. Both the premise and conclusion of this theory are open to argument, but, assuming it to be sound, there should be as much educational value in a copy of the Binghamton *Bazoo* sent by John Doe to Richard Roe as in one sent from the office of the *Bazoo* to a subscriber or newsdealer. But in spite of the discrimination against him, John Doe's situation was formerly not intolerable, since he was allowed to send second-class matter at the rate of four ounces for a cent, the lowest charge in the postal service except that to publishers.

Now let us look at the new law. Rates to publishers of periodicals are left virtually untouched, but John Doe has had his charges quadrupled. Instead of a cent for four ounces he is now charged two cents for every two ounces up to eight ounces. Beyond eight ounces parcel-post rates are charged. You, gentle reader, who formerly could send a copy of *The Nation* to a friend for one cent, are now gouged four cents. The same is true for an ordinary-sized issue of the *Christian Century*, the *Jewish Tribune*, or the *Commonweal*. To mail an average sixteen-page daily newspaper which formerly went for one cent now costs four cents, in most cases more than the price of the journal. Most monthly magazines weigh more than eight ounces, and individuals who want to exchange with friends have to do so by parcel post, with the nuisance of having to take their packages to the post office and at a cost of two or three times as much as before.

On top of all this is the fact that second-class rates for the ordinary individual are now higher than third-class rates, which have been set at 1½ cents for two ounces. Thus swindling stock concerns and fake real-estate companies can jam your mailbox with circulars that travel for less than you have to pay to mail your favorite newspaper or magazine. Catalogues—behold again the privileged business man—are allowed to go at the old third-class rate of two ounces for a cent.

There are going to be difficulties in putting into effect these new rates and classifications which our heedless bureaucrats probably failed to consider. Right now we can put our fingers on some snags, and we hope there are more than we can see. Those responsible for this unjust and discriminatory law deserve all the trouble that the rest of us can make for them.

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May Catholics Teach School?

By DAVID HENRY PIERCE

ARE the public schools of the United States a Protestant and Caucasian institution supported by public funds? There is considerable evidence to permit of an affirmative response. In connection with a proposed book, the writer inquired of leading teachers' agencies the extent of discrimination by school officials against Catholics, Jews, atheists, and members of other than the white race.

In so far as the answers dealt with religious discrimination they prove that the alleged non-sectarianism of the American public school is a fiction. Discrimination against Catholics and Jews is high in nearly every section of the country. The dean of the department of education of the Toledo Municipal University frankly urges Jewish students to refrain from specializing in education because of the difficulty in securing positions. The most brilliant Jewish students in Ohio State University, who have majored in education, cannot secure places in the public schools. In an Ohio village the woman in charge of a schoolhouse refused to deliver the keys of the building to a young principal, recently appointed, because he was a Catholic.

Negroes are employed in colored schools and also in some Northern and Western cities where a liberal policy was begun early and has been steadfastly maintained. Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago have found no horrible evils resulting from permitting colored girls to instruct white children. Foreigners are not wanted in the American public schools, nor are Asiatics permitted to prove to receptive white children that the "inferior" races possess human traits.

With reference to Jews and Catholics conditions vary slightly in different sections of the country, but discrimination is the rule rather than the exception. One California agency writes that "Jews are considered individually, by personality largely." In answer to a request for his opinion concerning present tendencies, the manager declares that discrimination in his section is decreasing. He adds: "It is a curious and interesting item that in this section the denomination most aggressive in insisting that its adherents be hired is the Methodist." He concludes that the Klan has increased anti-Catholicism and that where a Catholic community is vigorously pressing a parochial-school program there is less opportunity for teachers of that faith to secure public-school appointments.

The Middle West shows a high degree of intolerance in regard to teachers of other than conventional, well-known Protestant faiths. "Ninety-six to 98 per cent of our calls are for Protestants," writes a Missouri agency. "Anything 'queer' is objected to." "At least 95 per cent of our calls ask or require Protestants" is a response from Iowa. "I consider," writes an agency manager from the home State of James Whitcomb Riley, "that the religious line is more emphatically drawn now than at any time in my experience. There never has been a time when we could place a Protestant teacher in a Catholic school, and the same condition is beginning to exist the other way now." The correspondent's assumption that public and Protestant schools are identical is the view of others. A Pennsylvanian, for example, in endeavoring to account for discrimination, asserts: "In the case of the Jews the discrimination arises partly from the fact that they have many holidays, and these different from ours. Of course the main reason is the feeling that American institutions should be kept unsullied. In the case of Catholics there seems to be a feeling that they are not so well fitted by training and forward progressive outlook. However, religious prejudice probably is at the root of the discrimination." He adds that in the district he serves, western Pennsylvania, discrimination against Jews and Catholics is almost universal.

A New York agency manager declares that discrimination is usually due to social conditions. "Many Catholics and Jews have not had equal opportunity socially with Protestants and would therefore be unhappy in many Protestant communities." Replies from the South did not indicate that this popularly condemned section of the country was subject to any greater degree of intolerance, except for the color line, "which is as fixed as Gibraltar." However, the Klan has made itself felt in the type of teachers desired. A Georgia agency writes: "Religious tests in our opinion are less common within Protestant ranks, but more common by far in this section as between Catholics and Protestants. The discrimination is mainly outside the larger cities; in other words, in localities having a very small percentage of Jews and Catholics." The writer adds that Jews suffer a degree less discrimination because the Jewish religious organization in no way opposes the institution of the public school.

It is the Middle West, however, which seems to be particularly smitten with an intense prejudice against the non-Protestants. It seems to permeate men who would be expected to possess a reasonable amount of cosmopolitanism. A few years ago an official in the educational department of Western Reserve University, in writing a letter of recommendation for an honor graduate, a Jewess, included the following: "Although she is of the Jewish faith, I am sure she will be a successful teacher." Every metropolitan suburb of Cleveland inquires openly into a teacher's faith, a condition that would hardly be tolerated in the vicinity of New York or Boston. Not only do the non-Protestant elements seem more alert in preventing discrimination in the East, but Ohio differs from New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts in that there is no specific legislation against the open and undisguised use of the religious test. Incidentally, few State departments of education place any obstacle in the way of executives who care to ask a teacher: "What is your religion?" or "What church are you a member of? If not a member, which do you prefer?" An Idaho official wrote that Article IX, Section 6 of the State School Law declared against discrimination, that school executives did not subject their applicants to any religious "test," but that they were permitted to print upon application blanks a request for an applicant's statement of religious preference. When asked if such a request did not constitute a religious test the Assistant State Superintendent wrote: "I do not think that a printed form requesting church preference is a religious test, as the

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teachers are under no obligation whatever to answer the question. Very few of them do fill in the blank. We have no law forbidding the use of this question on printed form."

The foregoing is quoted, not because Idaho is particularly flagrant in the matter of the religious inquisition, but because it represents the attitude of the majority of State educational officials. Regardless of State constitutional provisions that there must be no religious or political discrimination for public office, it seems tacitly assumed that this rule does not extend to teachers. The position of the United States Department of Education in regard to religious tests for teachers in public schools may be gathered from the following letter:

> The Bureau of Education exercises no control or supervision over the public-school systems of the several States. It is only a clearing-house of educational information, advice, and assistance, and makes no attempt to interfere with the administration of any State's system of schools. In view of this fact I can make no authoritative ruling on the use of the religious tests in filling teaching positions. Anything that I might have to say on this subject would be of the nature of mere opinion, and I hesitate to give that. It is conceivable that the use of such tests may lead to abuses, particularly under some circumstances. On the other hand, there are doubtless those who hold that a school board in employing a teacher should be possessed of information as to whether he or she is religious or non-religious. Those holding this view would doubtless contend that a teacher having no religion whatever could hardly be trusted to develop the highest moral character.
>
> *May 6, 1924* L. A. KALBACH,
> Acting Commissioner of Education

Pennsylvania officials declare the practice of demanding a teacher's declaration of religion is contrary to the Constitution of the United States and also a violation of an express statute of their commonwealth. Says Albert Lindsay Rowland, director of the Teachers Bureau, Department of Public Instruction:

> With regard to the question which you raise, both the Constitution of the United States and the constitution of this State forbid a religious test for public office, and there is a further provision in the School Code, Section 2891, which reads as follows: "No religious or political test or qualification shall be required of any director, visitor, superintendent, teacher, or other officer, appointee, or employee in the public schools of this commonwealth." Under these circumstances, any teacher who can prove that there was a violation of this statute in connection with her employment could recover damages therefor.

This makes interesting reading, particularly when compared with the assertion of the agency which declared western Pennsylvania demanded "Protestants only."

Chapter 71 of the General Laws, Section 39, of Massachusetts provides that discrimination shall be punished by a fine of not more than $50. It also makes excellent reading until we include the assertion of a Massachusetts agency manager: "This law is understood to have been mainly promulgated by a combination of Catholics and Jews and in my opinion has worked rather to their own disadvantage." New Jersey has a positive bit of legislation, and a September issue of *America*, the Catholic weekly, reported a grand-jury investigation of alleged discrimination against Catholic and Jewish teachers. New York will refuse State aid if discrimination is proved. Discrimination nevertheless exists, and opinions vary regarding the effectiveness of the law.

The Catholic church is making rapid strides in its efforts to educate all children of the faith in parochial institutions. The Catholic Directory of 1904 gives the parochial-school population as 986,088; in 1910 it was 1,237,251; in 1920 it was 1,701,213; in 1924 it is 1,988,376. Nearly two million young people are being removed from valuable and intimate contacts with the majority of their own generation. On the other hand, the public school is assuming the character of a Protestant parochial institution, destined to be controlled by Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists. Although public-school children secure valuable contacts they are not permitted to discover that Catholics, Jews, foreigners, and other "queer" folks might be as capable instructors as their Sunday-school teachers.

Such a condition cannot exist indefinitely. The immediate trend of American public education seems to be toward further discrimination. But a wholesome civilization cannot be predicated upon the basis of Catholic parochialism and Protestant hyprocrisy. To develop tolerance, sympathy, and understanding, children must be impressed with the unity of mankind. An educational system, devoted consciously to furthering social progress, will have no room for sectarianism, either in teaching body or student personnel. Standards that will determine a teacher's worth will be far removed from such requirements as church affiliation, facial contour, or color of the skin. The transformation of American education into a progressive social force will require an intense effort, with decidedly radical changes. But until these changes occur, public education will act merely to preserve the seeds of discord.

The Sound of Trains

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

For three nights now there has been a loud East wind,
With the sound of trains,
And still it does not rain.

This surging tide of dark and fitful sound,
Borne on the East wind, ominous of rain,
Will flood me with too much foreboding soon,
Will fill my quiet, listening house too full.
It is a long sound, of the restless trains,
When you have lived in one house all your life.
The house is always listening for trains,
And hearing them . . . and listening again . . .

I could move the house to the other side of the tracks,
With the trains to the West—But, even so, there would be
That sharp, deliberate puffing, the hurried, muffled
Noise, the violent buckling on of cars . . .
Moving the house would not do any good—
Even the West wind could not heal those scars.

I used to think it was the rain I dreaded:
And then I thought perhaps it was the drought,
I welcomed rain so when it stopped the sound.
But it is neither rain nor drought I dread:
Now it is just the sound itself instead.

For three nights now there has been an East wind,
Loud with trains,
And still it does not rain.

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The Gold Standard*

By JOHN A. HOBSON

THE merits of gold as standard, store, and measure of value, and as medium of exchange are familiar to every reader of monetary textbooks. They all attest the low level of reason and morals to which man has yet attained. The inhabitants of More's Utopia laughed consumedly at the childish display of gold ornaments by the ambassadors from Earth and the bars of the same metal they bore for barter. What would they have thought today of the constant drain of gold choking the vaults at Washington, and jealously guarded from performing either of the two functions of ornament or purchase? Or of the not less ludicrous alarms and resentments displayed by nations unable to secure or hold their share of this yellow metal? But in one sense all this laughter would be misdirected. For it assumes that man is a reasonable animal. If he were, he would not spend much arduous, unhealthy toil in digging out this metal in order to enable men to exchange their superfluities. It is not a good standard, for the goods which a given piece of gold will buy are an ever-shifting quantity. Economists have devised far better standards in composites of actual commodities. But what they have failed to devise is rational men and honest governments. So long as men think they want gold, and will not let their goods go except for gold, it will be necessary to have a gold reserve. So long as governments cannot be trusted to issue honest money, it may be well to bind them in gold shackles. This is the case for gold. It is needed "because of their unbelief," i.e., because of defects in "credit."

It may justly be said that these defects had been steadily diminishing in modern communities. A rapidly reducing proportion of purchases of goods and services are made with gold. A smaller gold basis will support a larger fabric of credit. Nevertheless, it used to be said, a man will only take notes, or checks or bills, because he knows that if he likes he can get gold for them, or that the risk of not getting gold is small. All the same, the growing substitution of credit institutions for gold testifies to a general improvement in reason and morals.

Naturally, one of the moral and intellectual costs of the Great War has been a reversal of this financial progress. Man's faith in man is weakened. Here governments have been the great criminals. The practice of inflation, secretly or openly, on a colossal scale, has not only brought wreckage and ruin to whole industries but starvation and death to whole populations. It has destroyed that faith in the substantial honesty of states as issuers of currency which appeared to be bringing within the range of possibility the establishment of an international banking system from which gold should either disappear or in which it should occupy a very small place as a reserve. The renewed distrust of governments, as well as the rocking of values from other war and post-war events, has riveted men's minds once more upon a gold standard in Europe and elsewhere. Timid sellers are in many countries eagerly scanning the gold basis of the money they consent to take.

Yet recent experience does not run all one way. The practical suspension of the gold standard for so many years in Britain, with so little a collapse of faith, the virtual elimination of inflation, and the recent recovery of the exchange almost to the gold level, form a truly striking testimony to the possibilities of an economic order that can dispense with this relic of barbarism. What England could do today the world might do tomorrow, or the day after! But can England do it today? The battle of a gold standard is still being toughly fought. Many bankers and economists still take their stand upon the Cunliffe Report, of 1918, for a straight return to the pre-war condition of a free gold market for domestic and foreign trade. They would monetize gold for internal use, and regulate internal currency with a single eye to gold supplies, while at the same time, regardless of the new forced drain into America for payment of debt interest, removing the embargo upon export. The fear of the effects of a sudden application of this policy in lowering the price level, depressing trade, and enlarging the volume of unemployment has so far stopped governments from taking the plunge. But a tentative declaration that Britain will revert to a free market for gold during the current year seems to announce this triumph of conservative finance. "Let a free flow of gold regulate internal and external prices," sounds a simple proposition, provided a correspondingly free flow of goods is permitted.

But this is where America queers the European pitch. Her sudden change from a great debtor to a great creditor nation, with claims in Europe for vast annual sums payable in gold or goods, renders the pre-war process no longer feasible. That process tended to apportion the gold supplies for currency according to the needs of the respective countries on a gold basis. For the transfer of gold in correction of the recurring small fluctuations of exchange was automatically limited by its reactions upon the price level in the two countries in question. The fall of prices in the country whose gold supply was reduced, and the rise of prices in the country whose gold supply was enlarged, stimulated the export of goods in the former country and depressed it in the latter. Such still remains the classical theory and policy. But it never worked very reliably, and the post-war situation reveals it as utterly impracticable. For its fundamental assumption is that a country entitled to gold payment will take goods instead when goods are worth more. But the tariff policy of every country, and of America in particular, is a refusal of this indispensable condition for the operation of a free gold market. A protective policy which undertakes to stop payment, by adjusting the tariff to meet every cheapening of foreign goods seeking to enter the American market, removes the natural check upon the efflux of gold which seeks to correct a falling exchange by stimulation of exports. In other words, if America demands from Europe, in gold and not in goods, the bulk of the payment of the interest and sinking fund due to her for her public and private loans and investments, this policy depletes Europe of gold and destroys the gold standard. Britain, with considerable difficulty, may make

* This is the fourth in a series of articles by Mr. Hobson on modern economic problems. The first three, appearing in *The Nation* for March 18, April 1, and April 15, were entitled: The Cry for Productivity, The Limited Market, and "Socialism" in Britain and America.

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gold payments of loan interest, but a general settlement of European obligations on this basis would be incompatible with the retention of any gold supply. France's large gold reserve would soon disappear were she required to pay her debts, and the newly restored gold basis for Germany and Austria quite evidently lies at the mercy of America. Free trade and free gold are part and parcel of the same economic policy. Ultimately and intrinsically they are inseparable. If Europe, or most of it, is to retain a gold basis for any purpose of internal or external purchases, it can only be by the refusal of America to exercise to the full her legal right to gold payments. This is evidently what is happening. It is represented by the vast sums invested by Americans in Europe, estimated for last year at something between a billion and a billion and a half dollars. A huge surplus of export over import values, accompanied by a considerable further advance of dollar credits for German and Austrian financial rehabilitation, is the actual curb which America places upon the drainage of European gold which would otherwise have taken place. How long and how far will America go in declining to take payment, either in goods or gold, and in reinvesting what is due to her? Nobody can say. And yet it is upon the answer to this precarious question that the financial stability of Europe rests, or, at any rate, the retention of a gold basis. Under such circumstances, though Britain might conceivably survive upon a free-gold basis, it would seem sheer madness for any of the great continental nations to accept it, unless America were deliberately and of express purpose to assume the lasting responsibility of keeping the gold reserve for the international banking system.

These considerations qualify the validity of the middle position upon gold taken by Mr. Keynes and certain other financiers who would economize the use of gold by removing it from its former function as foundation and regulator of the internal currency and credit, while maintaining it for adjustment of the minor fluctuations of the foreign exchange. Stability of the internal level of prices is to be achieved by a "managed money" independent of the vagaries of gold values. "The gold reserves of the country should be concentrated in the hands of the Bank of England, to be used for the purpose of avoiding short-range fluctuations in the exchange."

It is at least significant that neither Britain nor America is regulating her money system on the previously accepted gold basis. Not only is gold no longer used for internal currency in either country but the credit issue and general volume of purchasing powers are not regulated by relation to quantity of gold. But seemingly for different reasons. In America because there is too much gold, in Britain because there is too little. These, however, can hardly be described any longer as the real reasons. For experience and statistical research have made it evident that the old notion that quantity of gold regulated the total volume of money and so the level of prices, by a reliable automatic operation, was never true, and that the acceptance of the falsehood was responsible for grave errors in banking policy reflected in needless fluctuations of prices and industrial activity. The theoretical position that because gold is a commodity it will exchange, as money, upon a parity of cost of production with other commodities has no relevance to facts, for two reasons. First, the variations of annual output of gold form too trifling a proportion of the total supply as compared with the variations in other commodities. Secondly, the real price of money is a hire price. Men want money as a vehicle of exchange, not to have and hold. Now the error of bankers and economists has lain in a grave overestimate of discount and interest rates as regulators of quantity of credit and of prices. This belief that, by raising and lowering the rate of discount and interest, they can properly control in the public interest the quantity of credit, the level of prices, and the activity of industry, is a profound mistake. When trade is struggling on the upgrade, with rising prices and profits, rate of discount exercises very little influence upon business policy. When trade and prices are on the down grade, a lowering of discount has similarly very little effect in checking the collapse. The result of this fallacious trust in the automatic operation of rate of discount, ultimately based on gold reserves in some central bank, has been that excessive credits have been supplied to the business world for speculative profiteering in periods of boom, while the sudden withdrawals of bank credits in periods of depression have exaggerated the collapse. Intelligent financiers have come to a clear appreciation of past errors. The credit policy of the Federal Reserve System has made two conspicuous advances toward better management of money. First, a refusal to let gold play what would formerly have been regarded as its "natural part" in the maintenance and stimulation of credit. Secondly, a recognition that the problem of regulating credit is not one of mechanical adjustments between rates of discount, volumes of deposit and of currency, but one of business psychology, in which the factors underlying the demand for money require even closer study than those which regulate its supply. So we find the Federal Reserve Board registering the following judgment:

> Credit is an intensely human institution, and as such reflects the moods and impetus of the community—its hopes, its fears, its expectations. In the ultimate analysis credit administration is not a matter of mechanical rules, but is and must be a matter of judgment—of judgment concerning each specific credit situation at the particular moment of time when it has arisen, or is developing.

A more enlightened credit policy of this sort, accepted and applied by America, Britain, and other advanced industrial nations, might do a good deal toward regulating price movements and trade conditions for the world. How far it could, or should, attempt to stabilize world prices is another matter. The passionate advocates of stabilization commonly overlook, or underappreciate, the productive processes which constitute the supply side of the price equation. It is exceedingly difficult to frame any scheme of stabilizing prices which may not interfere injuriously with the free productivity of industry, and it remains an open question whether what may be called the net psychology of economic progress does not validate some fluctuation not merely in industrial prices but in price levels.

In conclusion, there is a new and strong argument that money can and should be managed by national financial controls, with as much international cooperation as can be got, and that this control will involve, to a constantly diminishing extent, the use of gold, either as a store of values or as a standard. Possibly gold may long retain a diminishing importance in the financial order, and can only disappear when force disappears from the political order, both alike being vestigial remnants of a discredited past.

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The New Situation in India

By HARRY F. WARD

THE outstanding fact on the surface of things in India is the transfer of the political leadership of the Nationalist movement from Gandhi and his Non-Cooperation followers to the Swaraj Party under the leadership of C. R. Das. This change in the political conformation was preceded by several dramatic incidents: the twenty-one days' fast of Gandhi on account of Hindu-Moslem strife and the conference on unity which occurred at the same time; the new repressive measures instituted by the Government in Bengal, followed immediately by the Bombay conference of leaders of all political factions seeking to effect a common program.

Behind these events, however, the deeper course of things had for some time been moving in the direction of change. Gandhi's program of non-cooperation and non-violence was a program of faith and hope. It expressed the spiritual instincts of India; it was the voice of the soul of the masses in its highest mood. The immediate results that he promised himself and the nation were impossible of realization. The intellectuals followed this program largely because they were swept by the rising current of mass feeling which caught them in the emotional mood of the war period. The program itself required of them a sacrifice and of the masses a self-restraint which neither was able to sustain.

Consequently, when Gandhi came out of prison he found that many of the non-cooperating lawyers had gone back to practice and the students to their schools and colleges. This backsliding continued so that his presidential address at the recent session of the National Congress gives as one reason for the suspension of non-cooperation as a political program the fact that it no longer commanded a sufficient support to make it effective. The deeper reason for Gandhi was that non-cooperation and non-violence are absolutely interdependent. When he became bitterly aware that his people were not yet prepared to practice non-violence, his spiritual integrity required the suspension of non-cooperation.

The significance of this change in political leadership is that the intellectuals have returned to power. They made the Nationalist movement to begin with. It was, in part, an expression of their economic situation, for numbers of them educated in the universities found themselves without adequate employment or social status. This group formed the militant wing of the Nationalist movement, mostly in Bengal, and developed the program which the Swaraj Party is now carrying out. The moderate section of the Nationalist movement, organized as the Liberals and expressing the situation on the Bombay side of India, has had more political experience. It developed the outstanding leaders of the pre-war period and is willing to work with Great Britain toward ultimate self-government if the outcome be not too long delayed. If the Liberals who left the National Congress a few years ago when Gandhi captured it with his non-cooperation program should return to it and work with the Swarajists, it would mean a unity of intellectual leadership. At present the Liberals are still undecided as to their course and the Government might offer them sufficient concessions to detach them from the combination which Gandhi is striving to bring about.

In this combination the Swaraj policy of capturing the Councils and then obstructing legislation, as Parnell did so long in the British Parliament, would continue its successful beginnings. Gandhi will devote himself to three objectives—the securing of Hindu-Moslem unity, the removal of untouchability, and the spread of hand-spinning. These measures have to do with the deeper aspect of independence for India and mean that Gandhi is devoting himself more to preparation for self-government than to its immediate accomplishment. The rest of the Swaraj program moves on to the reorganization of the villages. They are to be trained in self-government, economic improvement, and cooperation by a staff of organizers for whom the money has just been raised. The idea is to restore the old autonomy and economic independence of the Indian village. It is an ambitious program and again follows somewhat the Irish situation, but it has long been outlined in Bengal. If this should succeed the next move will be non-payment of taxes, and after that violence will inevitably follow on the part of those who believe in it.

At present the abandonment of non-cooperation does not mean that non-violence has been thrown overboard with it. There is a section of the Swaraj Party which believes in non-violence only as a matter of expediency. But Das is on record in his address as president of the National Congress as believing in non-violence on absolute moral grounds. Whether he has a sufficient following in his own ranks to be able to hold this position is doubtful, but those who reckon things on the score of political expediency know that they must have Gandhi with them as they move, because he holds the masses in his hand. But might Gandhi once again be swerved from the central conviction of his life, which has become much deeper and stronger since he suspended non-violence in the emergency of the World War and helped England get her recruits?

This is a vital question for the whole world as well as for India because of Gandhi's wide moral influence. At present he suspends non-cooperation for the sake of the principle of non-violence. He makes the personal surrender of political leadership and yields his program for his principle. Has he thereby maneuvered himself into a position where sooner or later an emergency may arise in which love of country might overpower his principle? Whether or not this may happen, the significant thing for the British Government in the recent shift in Indian leadership is that it will not get from Das and his following anything like the same chivalry which it has been receiving from Gandhi. It will be hard hitting and no quarter from now on, with purely political weapons at present.

On the British side there has also been a significant change corresponding somewhat to that among the Indian forces. The adoption of the recent repressive measures in Bengal, one of which takes away all right of trial and allows the indefinite confinement of men without even a hearing, means a tacit confession of the inability to govern by even semi-constitutional process. The Governor of Ben-

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gal has publicly made the same sort of defense for these tactics which Mitchell Palmer and his supporters made in the United States. He says: "We are dealing with anarchists. They have put themselves outside the pale of the law; they must, therefore, be dealt with without law." But this is to make the Government also anarchist and to destroy the foundations of order. The defense of the Viceroy for not seeking the cooperation in dealing with a small anarchist conspiracy in Bengal of those Indians whom England has asked to cooperate with her in the gradual transfer to their nation of the powers of government was that this would have brought about a publicity which would have prevented the securing of the safety of the Government. This, of course, is an open confession of inability to manifest that spirit of cooperation upon which the whole present scheme depends. It is another evidence that the Reforms are dead and their scheme of Dyarchy an impossibility. On the one hand the Swaraj Party has killed the Reforms by obstructing their working; on the other hand, a section of the British Administration in India has joined in the slaughter by failing to develop that spirit without which the Reforms could not live.

It is demonstrated beyond a doubt that England cannot secure the cooperation from India which is necessary if her government is to continue, even on the basis of the present plan of the gradual transfer of power. It is the unpleasant recognition of this fact which is leading disinterested British civil servants in India to welcome their time of retirement or to retire before it comes. It is the spread of this knowledge in England which is the basic reason for the appointment of a commission on the problem of recruiting for the Indian Civil Service. Government today, especially in India, is a matter not simply of the consent of the governed but of the cooperation of the governed in jointly administering their own affairs. It is the control of education, health, economic development; and it cannot be carried on, no matter how able or disinterested its officials may be, if the people are continually sabotaging the process.

There is another and even more fundamental fact for England to face, and that is the loss of her moral prestige among the Indian people. In the past this has been her greatest strength, and when it is gone she is like Samson shorn of his locks. But gone it is. Formerly the word of an English official was a rock of refuge for the common people of India in the shifting currents of her unstable life. But today the masses of India have lost confidence in the integrity of Great Britain. This distrust was formerly confined to the intellectuals, but today it has spread through the whole of the population. The war took thousands of Indians to Europe and brought them back to their villages and cities after they had seen a new world and breathed a new air. Then the Gandhi movement put the consciousness of Swaraj into them. After that the failure of the non-cooperation movement to realize its promise of speedy independence became, as in part it truly was, the failure of England to fulfil the promises made in the stress of the war when she needed India's help. Hence today Great Britain has no moral authority in India except with that section of the landlords and capitalists whose unjust privileges, with no intention of hers, are made more secure by her rule. It is common talk in India that the word of many of her present officials is not like the word of those who were there in the earlier days. But the deeper thing in the moral atmosphere is that which is still poisoning the air in Europe and America, the consciousness of the broken promises of war days.

It is time for England to realize that this loss of moral prestige added to the increasing capacity for sabotage on the part of India means not simply the death of the Reforms but the impossibility of the continuance of her control. Her situation is like that of the man who had the bear by the tail and could neither hold on nor afford to let go. Unless England will soon decide the time and manner of her leaving India, another Ireland is likely to develop in Bengal; and after Bengal there is the Punjab, with its more martial race, and that will be another story. England may keep arms out of India, but what will she do about gas, a weapon open to both sides, practically without control?

There is only one thing that can clear the situation. It is the offer of definite self-government and the immediate calling of a conference to fix the time. This discussion cannot be postponed until 1929, the time set by the Reforms scheme. The guaranty of dominion status as speedily as the transfer of the various governmental services can be effected, the time to be set by joint agreement, would probably satisfy most Indians today. But soon that offer will be too late. A little more delay and those who insist upon complete independence will carry the day, and what course will then be open to England?

"Let's Help the Kiddies!"

By WEARE HOLBROOK

AT noon today in a thousand business men's luncheon clubs throughout the country earnest adult males are speaking over the pie *à la mode*. A composite record of their remarks would run as follows:

"And I tell you, men, I think it's time we were doing something for the youngsters in this town. Over in Mayville the Community Club got up a coaster-wagon classic with three thousand dollars in prizes. There were over six hundred boys entered in the race. Gruber City is putting on a junior chautauqua, and they've got imported directors from New York drilling the kids. Alhambra has six playground instructors—think of it, a little town with only ten thousand people—and every boy and girl inside the city limits is signed up for organized recreation. Now, we've got a lot of money just lying idle in the treasury, and I'd like to make a motion, Mr. Chairman, that a committee be appointed to look into the matter of providing more organized recreation for the youngsters of this community. I don't say that the public schools, the 'Y,' the Boy Scouts, the Child Welfare League, and the various church organizations aren't doing good work among the young people. They are. But surely there is something that *we* can do too. Remember, the boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow, and I think you will agree with me that nothing is too good for them. Let's help the kiddies!"

Whereupon the adult males, glowing benevolently, divide themselves into playground committees, soda-water committees, shoot-the-chute committees, committees on awards, entries, classification, eligibility, judging, starting, stopping, cheering, back-patting, hand-clapping. The children, dazzled by badges, prizes, and patronizing ovations, are dragged from their home-made games and thrust into a custom-tailored carnival where every smile is supervised.

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The Bright Sayings of Children are general, but the Bright Sayings of Grown-ups are uttered by an egregious few. Many white-haired mothers recall the lisping epigrams of Willies who are now mute, inglorious Williams. We all were geniuses when we were four years old. At fourteen the spark still glowed fitfully. But forty finds us cold and filled with a vague resentment toward those whose imaginations are more nimble than our own. When we see a lad sitting on a piano crate in the back yard, apparently doing nothing, we suspect that he is sailing uncharted seas to a land from which we were exiled long ago. So we call him back, give him a real boat, lay out his course for him, and help him steer, taking care that the craft does not drift into unfamiliar waters.

We are generous. If the youngsters want to play hide-and-seek, we will provide them with hiding-places designed by a landscape architect; we will post elderly gentlemen with stop-watches along the course to time the hiders as they run "home"; we will present large and useless loving-cups to the best little seekers, and we will change the senseless cry of "Orly-orly-orts in free!" to "Everybody in!" The best marble-shooter in the neighborhood deserves nothing less than a trip to Rome, and any little girl who skips the rope one hundred times without missing is entitled to a kiss from the mayor.

"Pastimes with a purpose" is the slogan of modern parents and educators. Little Wilbur doesn't even take a stroll down to the old Sloo without putting on his pedometer so that he can get credit for 1.7 miles on his hiking record. When he accumulates a grand total of 200 miles he will become a C grade Pioneer in the Trail-Makers' Club of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Little Wilbur leads a busy life. After school each day there is a game by the Children's Handball League. This league is sponsored by the local lodge of Elks, and the winning team is to be sent to Washington, D. C., to shake hands with the President.

On Monday evening little Wilbur attends a meeting of the Community Boys' Club, and on Tuesday evening the regular weekly "feed and song-fest" of the Junior Chamber of Commerce demands his presence. His father takes him to a fathers-and-sons conference of the Lions Club on Wednesday evening, and Thursday night there is a rehearsal for the perennial civic pageant in which all the prominent children of the town take part. Friday evening the young people of his Sunday school hold an informal meeting. He has Saturday evening pretty much to himself, with nothing between him and bed except a conference with Mr. "Pep" Gaynor, the boys' work director of the Fourteenth Precinct. It is Mr. Gaynor's boast that he has a personal talk with "every boy every week," and he is a conscientious soul. On Sunday after church little Wilbur usually goes on a hike with Dr. Losey's nature-study class, and spends the evening tying knots and studying wigwag signals.

Last summer he went to visit his Uncle John, who has a big cherry farm in Wisconsin, on Ephraim Bay. This farm includes both prairie and timber land, woods for hunting, water for fishing and swimming, hills for hiking—a little of everything. Little Wilbur stayed two days, and then asked to be sent home. "There is no recreation park here," he wrote his parents, "and the boys in the neighborhood have no organization whatever; nobody pays any attention to them, and they just have to amuse themselves. What they need, of course, is someone like Mr. Gaynor to pep them up. I suggested this to Uncle John and he just laughed. Manassah is the nearest town, and Uncle John says it doesn't even have a Commercial Club. When can I come home?"

Eventually the boys in the backwoods of Ephraim Bay will be organized, and little Wilbur can be happy wherever he goes. Even now, two lads can seldom get together for a little fun of their own without having some grown-up interrupt them with well-meaning attempts to improve the game.

"Come now, fellows," says the professional playmate, clapping his hands, "you're just wasting your time. Let me show you how to really play. Here's an awfully jolly game that I learned from a book. I'll explain the rules and show you how it goes, and if there's anything about it that you don't understand, just ask me, because that's what I'm here for, fellows, and I want you to consider me 'one of the gang,' as the boys say. Now, about this game . . . if Tommy gets through first he wins a dandy blue ribbon to wear on his sleeve, and if Bobbie gets through first *he* wins the ribbon. Isn't that worth trying for, fellows?"

The fellows politely agree that it is, and after this jolly game is over there are other jolly games—a whole book of them. Bobbie and Tommy have imaginations, but the professional playmate leaves them nothing to work on. Swiftly their inherent originality is suppressed and beaten down until their minds fit the man-made mold and they are ready to misunderstand the generation which follows them.

Huck Finn, have you done your good deed today?

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter was young no ambition was so strong in him as the desire to be a policeman. He pictured himself in a blue coat with glittering brass buttons over his ample chest, and he even imagined that his face would in time grow redder and rounder, because that seemed to be common to all policemen. He would lead old ladies over crowded streets, he would stop runaway horses by clinging manfully to their bridles, he would stand stern and erect on street corners and swing his club with an air—if life could offer more than this, the Drifter at the age of seven or so was unaware of it. The bitter awakening came, of course, a good many years ago. It has long been evident to the Drifter that he does not want to be a policeman. But it is only lately that the real disadvantages of that profession have become plain to him.

* * * * *

A NEW YORK newspaper prints the list of patrolmen fined for breach of discipline, and notes the charges and the fine in each case:

> Frank H. P., having been assigned to raided premises, was seated on a bench smoking in conversation with an unknown man. Fined 1 day's pay.
>
> Max K., absent from post . . .; was carrying a bundle wrapped in newspaper. 2 days.
>
> John T. A. R., failed to discover or prevent a burglary. 2 days.
>
> Charles A. L., absent from post, seen seated on a park bench in company with another patrolman. 2 days.
>
> Thomas H., failed to disperse crowd engaged in crap game and neglected to make effort to apprehend any of them. 2 days.
>
> Harold T. S., occupied seat in subway train to the exclusion of paid passenger. 1 day.

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THE Drifter submits any one of these transgressions to his readers as reasons why no self-respecting drifter could be a policeman for a single minute. It may be that absolute promptness, that unflagging attention to duty, that stern suppression of conviviality in any of its forms are required of patrolmen; it may be that the public demands that a policeman never carry a newspaper bundle or sit on a park bench; it may be that a patrolman who is adroit enough to obtain a seat in the subway is not entitled to eternal reward but must be fined a day's pay instead. All these things may be true, and the Drifter would refrain from calling them severe and cruel punishments. But in the matter of the burglary, he really thinks it proper to demand further explanation. In the first place, the charge does not state that any burglary occurred. In that case, could Officer R. be blamed for not discovering or preventing it? It may be, supposing the burglary to have taken place, that he was at the other end of the block dispersing a crap game; he may have been engaged in relinquishing his seat in the elevated; he may have been unwrapping a newspaper parcel and throwing away the offending integument, knowing full well that he would be fined one or two days' pay for the omission of any of these duties. Obviously the matter of the burglary is grossly unfair and excessive. The Drifter recommends it to the Police Commissioner for immediate attention.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE, he can only quote the late Mr. Gilbert, although he will not vouch for the precise accuracy of the quotation, and, not being a policeman, he will not lose any pay thereby:

> When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,
> When the criminal is not engaged in crime,
> He likes to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
> To listen to the merry village chime.
> When the coster isn't beating up his mother,
> He loves to lie a-basking in the sun.
> Oh, take one consideration with another,
> A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

An unhappy one, indeed! The Drifter can only be grateful that he turned at a tender age to his second ambition—to be the proprietor of a small candy and paper store.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Nova Scotia's Starving Miners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read the article by Ben Legere, on Starving Nova Scotia's Miners, in the issue of April 1; after which I cannot invest the inclosed thirty dollars in a spring suit. I would like you to transfer it to Ben Legere, to be used in the interests of these miners, against this monster Besco.

Camden, New Jersey, March 29 WALTER MELVILLE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I will forward the amount to the relief committee in Stellarton, Pictou County, where I know it will be of the greatest help not only to relieve suffering but to strengthen the miners in the most effective effort being made against the corporation.

The latest news I have seems to indicate a deadlock and prospects of a long-drawn-out struggle. I would like to suggest that *The Nation* print Mr. Melville's letter in the next issue and invite any of its readers who feel as he does to send in contributions which can be forwarded to the miners.

New York, April 3 BEN LEGERE

Secretary Hoover's Views

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to an article by Mr. Hobson, an eminent British economist, in your issue of April 25, in which he sets forth what he believes to be my views upon the public relations to utilities.

Mr. Hobson is obviously entirely uninformed as to my views upon the subject, as his interpretation is not in accord with my statements upon the necessity of public regulation of profits either directly or through control of rates, or the manner thereof. Lest his statement, so far as I am concerned, should be accepted as indicating the public relation which now exists in the United States or which I have advocated, I would be greatly obliged if you would add this letter to your correspondence columns.

New York, April 18 HERBERT HOOVER

Our Immigration Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Without questioning the wisdom of your immigration law in the United States, I just wish to point out a rather peculiar phase of its administration.

As you doubtless are aware, naturalized citizens of Canada and other American countries are treated as citizens of the country of their birth, for immigration purposes.

One would imagine that these people, especially Canadians by naturalization, who have more or less become adapted to the American standards of living and manners of speech, would be accorded the same privileges as their fellows across the seas. Actually, as I have found, it is practically impossible for one who happened to have been born in one of the Southern European countries to get his name on the quota list. Preference is apparently given to applicants in Europe and those on this continent are effectively barred from your country.

Montreal, March 5 CANADIAN?

The Gag on Count Karolyi

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read all the words Professor Charles A. Beard ascribes to himself as speaker at the luncheon of the Civil Liberties Union for the purpose of exploiting the State Department's refusal to admit Count Michael Karolyi to this country except upon the condition that he will not speak or write publicly. His excitement seems labored. He says that the State Department's action on Karolyi "insults our intelligence—a decision to the effect that we are not morally fit to hear anything that our guest may care to say on any subject." This is a particularly stupid remark since everybody knows that Karolyi was silenced not because anyone in this country might give a continental what he said, but because the Hungarian Government requested that he be not afforded the opportunity to conduct a Hungarian political campaign from American platforms.

Surely it does not offend American tradition to deny a foreigner admission to this country if he comes for the purpose of stirring up trouble in the country he left or of exploiting his own political ambitions from American platforms. If his so doing will tend to embarrass a government with whom we are on friendly relations, I see no reason why we should not accede to its request not to become an instrument to its embarrassment.

Let aliens come and go without regard to their political opinions or to seek haven because of them; but when they come

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seeking opportunity to exploit them, they do violence to the common decencies of hospitality and to the good-will of friendly governments. When men go abroad to aid the overthrow of a government they cannot displace by means available to them at home, they embark upon the course which leads to the extremities indulged by Citizen Genêt and Ambassador Dumba. They may properly be halted at the outset, however harmless their unrestrained efforts might prove to be in particular cases.

New York, April 4 MURRAY T. QUIGG

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The State Department's action in the Karolyi case has been revolting to lovers of freedom. In the controversy now going on in Hungary between monarchists and republicans, it has practically taken sides with the monarchists; and this despite the atrocities of the Horthy regime.

It recalls some stanzas of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, A Curse for a Nation, written while the United States was maintaining Negro slavery:

Ye shall watch while kings conspire
Round the people's smoldering fire,
And, warm for your part,
Shall never dare—O shame!
To utter the thought into flame
Which burns at your heart.

. . . . . .

Go, wherever ill deeds shall be done,
Go, plant your flag in the sun
Beside the ill-doers!
And recoil from clenching the curse
Of God's witnessing universe
With a curse of yours!

Dorchester, Mass., April 12 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

In Moronia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Blithely sets the sun of mornings
Far below the bounding South.
Twittering with grief, the grampkin
Lifts the rainbow to its mouth.

Moonlight ponders on the sea-floor;
Sharks and oysters fly to trees;
And the willowy protoplasm
Rends the heavens with its sneeze.

Draped in vachel lindsay-woolsey
Stalk hexameters in tribes;
While enwrapped in cranefrankincense
Maxwelbodius cracks his jibes.

Kreymborgonia, Sandburgosis,
Mildly, as the violet pink,
Hoot about sweet-scented ash-cans
Whilst they wade around in ink.

Timorously, yet with longing,
As if wishing to be caught,
Hides, beneath a bank of ether,
One small, man-sized, sad-eyed thought.

Futile though, its dread of capture;
Not a soul knows that it's there.
Even when it's trapped, it's quickly
Clubbed to death with tender care.

L'ENVOI

Some write what they call poetry
And some what they call prose.
But what the thing is that they write
Only the Lord God knows.

San Francisco, April 7 W. V. HIRSH

Fanny Kemble and the South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a little inaccurate of Julia Collier Harris, in her review of Gaines's "The Southern Plantation," to speak of "travel books, notably those of Fanny Kemble and Frederick Olmsted." Olmsted was indeed a traveler in the South, but Fanny Kemble was a resident. Having married Pierce Butler, she lived with him for some years on his plantation in Georgia.

New York, March 2 A. L.

Baron Ritter and the Vatican

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Mowrer, in his article on Treason in the German Republic, states that Baron Ritter was German Minister to the Vatican in 1914. May I say that Baron Ritter was not German Minister; he was Minister of the then Bavarian kingdom.

Chicago, March 10 MICHAEL F. GIRTEN

Books in English for Mexico

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you help us collect and organize an English library for Mexico? At this time there is no gift that the American people could make to the people of Mexico which would be more appreciated or put to better use. The Department of Education has agreed to house and maintain this library as a separate unit in Mexico City.

We want a rounded, useful library that will be a credit to the givers and a joy to the receivers and readers. Give us the kind of books you would give your friends or be happy to receive from friends.

Mail or express shipments of books should be addressed to the Library for Mexico, 11 Broadway, New York City, which is the collecting point for the receipt of all books.

New York, February 15 FRIENDS OF MEXICO COMMITTEE

Lawlessness

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last November an automobile ran forty-eight hours at forty-five miles an hour between Grand Rapids and Muskegon, Michigan, and the last eighty-one miles in eighty-one minutes, although State law imposes a limit of thirty-five miles an hour and city law twenty miles an hour. The press carried nearly a half page of this feat in law violation, while a letter from me to the Governor—Attorney General—Prosecuting Attorney — Sheriff — Chief of Police — Supervisors — County Judges brought no reply.

Grand Rapids, Mich., February 10 EZRA R. AVERILL

Contributors to This Issue

HARRY F. WARD, general secretary of the Methodist Federation of Social Service, is now visiting the Orient.

BURTON RASCOE is one of the most active and provocative of the younger American critics.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet and critic, is the author of "Banners."

WINTHROP D. LANE frequently reviews books on criminology for *The Nation*.

GILBERT SELDES is the author of "The Seven Lively Arts."

SAVEL ZIMAND, author of "Modern Social Movements," visited India last year to study conditions.

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Books and Plays

First Glance

THE readers of R. F. Dibble's "Strenuous Americans" who best comprehended that uproarious work when it appeared two years ago were those who saw it not merely as a series of biographical portraits—dealing with Jesse James, Admiral Dewey, Brigham Young, Frances E. Willard, James J. Hill, P. T. Barnum, and Mark Hanna—but in addition, and perhaps primarily, as a satire upon the civilization which had both endured and idolized those seven persons. The civilization with which Mr. Dibble concerned himself was of course not the civilization we pride ourselves upon, and by a certain definition it was no civilization at all. For Mr. Dibble, digging deep into the popular mind, had reached those luxuriant regions where reputations sprout in an instant and spread like mad; he had unearthed the coarse, unkillable roots of mass opinion. And the spectacle, when it was not appalling, was most gorgeous and amusing.

In his new book, "John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative" (Little, Brown: $3), Mr. Dibble returns underground with even a huger zest. The hero, of course, is none other than The Strong Boy of Boston, the Irish-American giant who boasted that he "could whip any man born of woman and could consume any amount of liquor, in any combination, and still walk straight." But he is not Mr. Dibble's own hero, nor is he, I take it, the reader's; he belongs to the crowd. It is through the crowd that we see him, and in the last analysis it is the crowd which Mr. Dibble the satirist is getting at. Not that he ever confesses his motive; but his book is all the better for the omission. He can tell his excellent story—how Sullivan rose from the ranks of theater-pugilists to be a champion and wear a $10,000 belt, how he fought with Paddy Ryan, Charlie Mitchell, Jake Kilrain, and Jim Corbett, how after defeat he descended into drunkenness and shame, how he ascended again and became a temperance lecturer, how he finished as a Massachusetts farmer—with so much more relish because he neither particularly believes it himself nor cares about it. Irony is said to flourish among biographers as nowhere else today. At all events, it is Sullivan's million-throated audience upon whom Mr. Dibble as an artist seems to lavish his attention. I for one expect to remember longest the half-frightened, half-worshiping spectators around the ring at Mississippi City; the groups of young ladies who came for autographs; the little fellow who crept into the hero's hotel to see if it was really "him," and who, when he was thrown downstairs, chanted "It *is* him! It *is* him!" as he bumped from step to step; the hordes who followed the temperance lecturer as he strode through the streets in his silk hat; the admirers who came and helped this Tom Sawyer hoe his corn in Massachusetts; and finally—for, as someone once remarked, the truly thoroughgoing writer of burlesque always winds up his narrative in another world—the throng of giant shades whom Sullivan awed with his bellowings in Valhalla.

I should not fail to record that Mr. Dibble has invented a mock-heroic style to fit the mock-grandeur of his theme. At times he approaches Homer, or rather Fielding when Fielding approached Homer. He is regretting, for instance, that Sullivan's earliest encounters were unsung. "Within a few months, however, he had attained such heroic proportions that lyres began to twang and bards to chant his mighty prowess. . . . Even as the encounters of Ulysses, Æneas, Roland, and innumerable other mighty men of old are most vivid when their biographers step aside and allow the actors to recount their own deeds in their own way, so Sullivan looms largest when his biographers efface themselves and permit him to speak as only he could speak." Then Sullivan speaks. I hope no one will be so unwise as to insist that he ever spoke differently.

MARK VAN DOREN

Cabell in Epitome

James Branch Cabell. By Carl Van Doren. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

EVERY now and then I turn to "Who's Who" after reading a piece by Carl Van Doren to make sure that it is really true that he once wrote an essay on Hawthorne. Until he defied the hoodoo it was an established rule that no American college professor who had ever paid his tribute to the sacred New England writers of the last century could look upon the American literature that was in being and find it good. By a compensatory you-are-another sort of tradition, no non-academic critic could find merit in Dreiser, Cabell, Anderson, Cather, Hergesheimer, Sandburg, or Robinson and still have a decent word to say for the Concord group and the Brook Farm folk. It took twelve years for even a non-academic critic, John Macy, to recover from having written an essay on Hawthorne so that he could salute the brilliant imagination of Ben Hecht or appreciate the literary significance of "The Rise of David Levinsky." When Professor William Lyon Phelps walked through the haunted New England graveyard with Mark Twain as a rabbit's foot so many of his colleagues put on white sheets and booed at him that his critical faculties were almost unhinged by the ordeal. It was not until Katharine Anthony and Van Wyck Brooks went out with searchlights and shotguns that even unacademic critics dared go near the place.

Carl Van Doren, then, is so profound an anomaly in American criticism that I have to assure myself repeatedly that the facts in his career are correct. "Who's Who" keeps on telling me that he was managing editor of the "Cambridge History of American Literature"; that he is an associate in English at Columbia University; and that he once wrote an essay on Hawthorne. So far so good; but my credulity breaks under the strain when I find that this same man has given utterance to such heretical dicta as these:

> There seems to be no longer any reason for not associating him [James Branch Cabell] with the only comparable American romancers Hawthorne and Melville. . . . Mr. Cabell, more systematic than Melville or Hawthorne in his thinking, is more thorough in his art. . . . Mr. Cabell is already a classic if any American novelist of this century is.
>
> Not the incurable awkwardness of his [Theodore Dreiser's] style nor his occasional merciless verbosity nor his too frequent interposition of crude argument can destroy the effect which he produces at his best—that of an eminent spirit brooding over a world which in spite of many condemnations he deeply, somberly loves. . . . Though it may indeed be difficult for a thinker of the widest views to contract himself to the dimensions needed for naturalistic art, and though he may often fail when he attempts it, when he does succeed he has the opportunity, which the mere worlding lacks, of ennobling his art with some of the great light of poetry. . . . As considerable an epic as American business has yet to show.
>
> The fact that Mr. Cahan wrote "The Rise of David Levinsky" not in his mother tongue but in the language

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> of his adopted country may be taken as a sign that American literature is being enlarged by the influx of fresh materials and methods. . . . The older Americans, settled into smug routines, lack the vitality, the industry of the new-comers. They are less direct and more provincial; they are bundled up in gentilities and petty habits; they hide behind old-fashioned reticences which soften the drama of their lives. With the newer stocks an ancient process begins again. . . . Sooner or later the immigrants must be perceived to have added precious elements of passion and candor to American fiction.

Until 1922, when Mr. Van Doren's "Contemporary American Novelists" appeared, I doubt whether any other college professor had ever heard of that powerful novel, "The Rise of David Levinsky," unless he had run across some praise of it by H. L. Mencken and had automatically set it down, without reading it, as dangerously immoral and subversive to one hundred per cent New Englandism. Certainly none of his colleagues before him would have used the words "insight, accuracy, and charm" in description of Dreiser's "Sister Carrie."

Since that time, of course, Professor Percy H. Boynton has climbed aboard the bandwagon, Professor Fred Lewis Pattee has grabbed some modern novels under his arm and pulled up to a seat beside him, Professor Grant C. Knight has caught up as far as Frank Norris in his reading, and professor-critics all over the lot are scurrying to get a leg up before the parade is over.

But it was Carl Van Doren's "Contemporary American Novelists" that turned the trick. It was that book which made Cabell, Dreiser, Anderson, Cather, and Hergesheimer respectable. It was with that book that the most considerable living novelists of our time and country ceased to be denounced as enemies of the American tradition and began to be read even by professors with a degree of intelligence and understanding. It was that book which gave academic sanction to what Percival Pollard, Francis Hackett, H. L. Mencken, and a handful of newspaper reviewers had been saying for half a dozen years or more.

If the extrinsic value of Carl Van Doren's criticism has been great, the intrinsic value has been no less so. He has read the work of his contemporaries not in snatches but with great diligence and thoroughness. He has acquainted himself not only with the major figures of his time but with the minor ones as well. He has been quick to see promise of high achievement even in first novels and in stray stories read here and there in magazines. He takes nothing on faith. He has a mind of his own, uninfluenced by current prepossessions for or against an author. His intellect has been shaped by experience, his sympathies broadened by civilized contacts. He obeys Lord Bacon's injunction: "Read not to contradict and confute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider." He is neither so presumptuous nor so provincial as to set up his private circumstances, morals, and beliefs as criteria by which to judge whether an author has been accurate, sincere, and distinguished in his own vision or representation of life. His is a mind that is catholic in taste and spirit, quick to perceive an author's artistic aim, and just in its decision as to whether the author has achieved that aim. It is a mind receptive toward new, unfamiliar, and distinctive ideas and points of view, and conscious that the charm of life is in variety and that the tedium which leads to death is in uniformity. There are no echoes in his work of opinions not his own. It would be easy to say he has courage were that not a feeble compliment to a critical attitude maintained with such serene independence, naturalness, and honesty.

Unfortunately Mr. Van Doren is not so fine a writer as he is a critic, not so admirable a literary artist as he is a scholar. With a shrewdness that is characteristic of him, he points out the defect of Santayana's style. It lacks, he says, accent and emphasis. It has charm, grace, persuasiveness even, but its effectiveness is weakened by an excessive modulation of tone which borders on monotony. Mr. Van Doren's style does not lack a certain emphasis, for he is not afraid of direct statement, nor does he ever strangle an expressed conviction with the coils of reservation; but his style does lack accent. It is possible to extract from every one of his essays a sentence or a paragraph which triumphs by itself, but which loses luster in its context. The price he pays for thoroughness, exactitude, and justice is in warmth, vividness, and color. Had he some of the gusto of an H. L. Mencken, some of the febrility of a Dixon Scott, or some of the structural quality of the late Walter Raleigh's prose critiques he would be not only our most knowledgeable and understanding critic of contemporary letters, but our most effective one as well.

This book, the first of a series on modern American writers, is an extraordinarily thorough and compact job. It is Cabell in epitome. It surveys Cabell's accomplishment as a whole and yet is not neglectful of important detail. The essence of each book is distilled into short paragraphs with what may be compared to a chemist's skill. The redaction of the Cabellian philosophy of life and art is accomplished in a few pages that might serve as a model of sympathetic and illuminating interpretation. If it is too rare that Mr. Van Doren ventures a quip such as this: "[Mr. Cabell's wit] stares open-eyed at the blazing sun and good-humoredly strokes the beard of Jehovah," he compensates by brilliant analyses followed by such wise commentaries as this:

> For downright bosoms this comic poet did not write these books. He writes for scholars who are erudite enough to catch a reasonable share of his allusions but not so literal as to be vexed when an allusion goes over their heads; for worldlings who are sophisticated enough to laugh with him at all follies and yet take no offense if he hints that perhaps even sophistication may be another folly; for poets who are whole enough to follow him to the moon for visions and still to take pleasure with him when he returns to move gleefully about the earth.

Readers who have been induced to look only for smut in "Jurgen" may renovate their minds by reading this book by a sensible and intelligent critic, who describes "Jurgen" as a classic of wit, truth, and loveliness and yet has written appreciatively of Hawthorne and is not unmindful that Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Cervantes are good too.

BURTON RASCOE

George Louis Beer

George Louis Beer: A Tribute to His Life and Work. The Macmillan Company. For private distribution.

IN this slender volume are gathered together the tributes of press and friends to a man of extraordinary distinction who played no inconsiderable role as historian and expert both in the American preparations for the Versailles Peace Conference and at that ill-starred essay in the making of a wilderness and calling it peace. George Louis Beer was a type altogether too rare in America—the successful man who, early in life, has had enough of amassing money and devotes himself with genuine scholarship to adding to the sum of the world's knowledge. He had many of the qualities of the ideal historian in that he was independent, of calm and balanced judgment, often singularly detached, with his feelings so completely in control that one sometimes longed to see his emotions run away with him, lift the flood-gates, and really show the innermost man. As a student he was, moreover, extraordinarily diligent, capable of spending months over reports and documents of bygone centuries, and able, as Professor Charles M. Andrews points out in the volume before us, to tear the heart out of dry-as-dust records "with exceptional intelligence and understanding."

These tributes to him do not do Mr. Beer the poor service of being indiscriminating. The limitations of his writings are set forth as well as their rare qualities. Probably no other historian will again till the field which he plowed and harrowed so thoroughly in order to produce his works on British colonial policy in its relation to America and on the origins of a

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colonial system that he came more and more to admire. Certainly no honest historian can deal with the vexed question of right and wrong between the mother country and the American colonies without studying Beer's work—inspired as it was by a desire to set forth facts without the slightest regard to the hoary myths and prejudices with which our schoolboys have been regaled since the founding of this Republic. Here and there time may modify his judgments; others in this field will not always see eye to eye with him; but no one will ever question the ability, the transparent sincerity and honesty of his writings.

Mr. Beer's chief fame may, it seems to us, relate to his authorship of the mandate system of governing the captured German colonies. If not the originator of the idea he was leader of the group that devised the new form of colonial government, and with him it was a most honest effort to do away with the evils of administration which made some of the German colonies malodorous. Whether he would have favored a similar putting of English colonies under international control is not clear, but he was critical of some of the British methods also. We are not yet far enough along to be able to put a valuation on the mandate system or to discover whether the League of Nations will really function as a supervising power. At present it looks as if it were the same old thing under a new name. That is not the fault of Mr. Beer's plans. His selection to represent the United States upon the Mandate Commission of the League and to head it was a remarkable tribute to the impression this foremost American colonial expert made in Paris. Our abandonment of the League deprived him of this honor. All his services at Versailles were worthy of high praise, whether one shared his views or not. And it is a pleasure to record here the charm, modesty, and dignity of his rare personality.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Penalty of Taste

Triple Fugue. By Osbert Sitwell. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Annette and Sylvie. By Romain Rolland. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE six pieces which constitute this volume by one of the Sitwell trinity are stories by courtesy only. Slightly suggestive of the essay tales of Max Beerbohm, they have considerably less of genuine narrative and the plot of each could be summarized in a sentence. Far too reserved, too self-conscious, and too cold for that imaginative abandon which creates a story with the warmth and movement of life, the author is one whose talents are wholly intellectual, and if he has chosen to give his work a certain semblance of narrative form it is not because he has anything of the story-teller in his makeup. Three of the pieces deal with antiquated dandies who have survived with gradually decreasing splendor from the nineties; the title-story is a satire upon current literary affectations; and the general purpose is to furnish sophisticated comment upon modes and manners rather than to deal with either morals or passions. Something of a pacifist, and in other ways "modern" by conviction, the author is by temperament an aesthete. Exquisite and a little supercilious, far aloof from the concerns of every day, he describes dandies with an air a little dandiacal, and when one has finished his book one carries away the impression of an accomplished and witty man without being aware that a great deal has been said.

Mr. Sitwell, so it seems to me, is a typical example of that class of writers in whom intelligence and sophistication have so far exceeded vitality as to act as inhibiting forces. Their passions, convictions, and enthusiasms cannot stand the test of their critical faculties, and taste becomes a timidity. If they start to write a story it seems to them too obvious; if they feel an enthusiasm they are afraid that it may be naive; and if they are tempted to yield to passion they are held back by the fear that they may be ridiculous. Major writers plunge in; they silence the sneers of the dandy and the supercilious sophisticate with the strength of their utterance; but minor writers are afraid, and for fear of saying something open to criticism they say nothing at all, carefully picking their way among opinions and describing with delicate mockery the externals of the life about them. So it is with Mr. Sitwell. His taste is exquisite and genuine; he is never ridiculous and he is always accomplished; but he has gradually abstracted things from his life and work until there is nothing left except an exquisite shell, as lifeless and as empty as a wax flower. Highly ingenious and highly accomplished each piece is, but each is, also, highly labored; and the self-consciousness is so great as almost to inhibit expression. Caution, taste, and a fear of anything which might seem too simple or too downright so restrict both subject matter and language that Mr. Sitwell can escape from his dilemma only by being elegantly ingenious upon trivial or fantastic themes. That he hates Mr. J. C. Squire and Mr. Middleton Murry is abundantly clear; that he has an observant eye for the manners and the dress of fashionable literary circles is also evident; but of any positive personality, as distinguished from a manner and an attitude, there is little evidence, and one feels that if he were removed from the world of art he would cease to exist. Taste has exacted the penalty which it always exacts of those who cultivate it too assiduously, and that penalty is sterility.

The defect here discussed is the last of which one would be likely to accuse M. Romain Rolland. If any writer ever plunged, he plunges; it is his abandonment which sweeps him on. Of his new work, to be called "The Soul Enchanted," it is too soon yet to say anything very definite, because the first volume, "Annette and Sylvie," is apparently little more than a prologue. It is in the main an idyl dealing with two half-sisters, one legitimate and one illegitimate, and contrasting the vivid, facile character of the one with the as yet slumbering depths of the other. The author seems intoxicated by the contemplation of fresh untried youth, and the narrative, lyric rather than dramatic, is swept along in a tide of poetic emotion. But the theme of the entire work—announced apparently by a motto from the Rig-Veda—is not yet approached: "Love the first born of creatures, Love, who later shall engender Thought."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Intimations of Personality

A Harp in the Winds. By Daniel Henderson. D. Appleton and Company. $1.25.

Christchurch. Poems by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Thomas Seltzer. $1.25.

Poems for the New Age. By Simon Felshin. Thomas Seltzer. $1.

WHEN one reads the poetry of Emily Dickinson, of William Butler Yeats, or of T. S. Eliot, to take three quite diverse practitioners of the art, one finds an excellence which lies in a luminous intelligence, in verbal magic, in the exhibition of the sensitive mind at home in the sensuous body. When one reads the general run of verse that finds its way between covers, one finds its faults to lie in a shamming of these same qualities. For the most part there is little effort at intellectualism, but there is a good deal of tinsel sentiment, words as false as they are facile, literary emotion rather than personal emotion.

The three volumes under review all share, to some degree, the defects of this second category of poetry. Mr. Henderson's lyrics, for example, contain such pitiful clichés as "purple fantasy," "glamorous seas," "lordly palms and emerald hills and white beaches under soothing turquoise skies," "the mart roars on," and more of the same order. He does not hesitate to repeat, in no new way, the song that Adam sang to Eve, when he turned from the starless night to the comforting candle in

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the cave. He dredges the sea for its limitless spoil of sunken galleons and wave-washed gold; and recites, without so much as a self-deprecating cough, the names of those storied lovers who live again in his own passion.

Mr. Coffin's book, which is chiefly the rendering into verse of saintly miracles, owes its stereotyped character to the author's dependence upon scriptural vocabulary and imagery. Its temper is, besides, something too bright and good for human nature's daily food, cloying rather than satisfying.

Simon Felshin, writing his poems boldly "for the new age," employs the bald prosy phrase, and loses himself in youthful sound and fury too often for mastery of his medium.

Why, then, the disappointed reader may inquire, should one consider these writers at all? Because, in spite of their obvious weaknesses, each of them has a virtue which, while not great enough to place him beside the mature poets of our generation, is sufficient to make one hope, in a generous mood, for better things. Mr. Henderson, when he drops his rubber-stamps into the waste-basket where they belong, and goes directly to his subject, shows a nice perception of the natural scene, a valuable, if not eloquent, moral fervor, and a feeling for American backgrounds which, however poorly expressed here, is worth a poet's cultivation. He is at his best in his Garden Lyrics and in an occasional sea poem.

Mr. Coffin is to be commended for choosing themes infrequently handled by contemporary versifiers, and for a recurrence in his songs to such humble pleasant things as meal and honey, the little fishes of the deep, and the little fires of the wood. There is a faint Franciscan flavor, a slight but beneficent touch of John Tabb in the best of these pieces.

Mr. Felshin, when he steps down from the platform and speaks simply of his Palestinian memories, of youth's timeless griefs and festivals and angers, shows, if not a disciplined talent, at least an authentic emotional ardency.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Toward an Understanding of Criminals

Prisons and Common Sense. By Thomas Mott Osborne. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.

MR. OSBORNE'S gift is that he has staggered back before the hideous and cruel stupidity of prisons and that he has demonstrated the merits of at least one revolutionary idea in therapeutics—inmate self-government for confirmed adult offenders. Not only has he himself staggered back, he has sent others reeling back. When the history of the civilization of the past two centuries is written, it is not impossible that the crown for supreme stupidity will be awarded to the method that has been followed of treating the offender against society's laws. To begin with, we have regarded him as thoroughly responsible, as knowing fully what he was about, and as requiring vindictive punishment for his wilful wrongdoing. Then we have considered that the same punishment was desirable for all offenders. We have never seen the criminal as an individual; we have not considered that he might have personal peculiarities, or that he might differ from his fellow-criminals. The only difference we have allowed is that all criminals were different from the rest of us. It is as if a physician should say to his patient: "You are sick. I do not know what is the matter with you, but you must go to the hospital for ten days." While there the patient would receive the same treatment as all other patients, and would come out at the end of the fixed period. Imagine giving a man with varicose veins the same treatment as one with smallpox. And imagine telling people in advance just when they must leave the hospital. Yet this is what we do to law-breakers. We subject them to a mass, uniform regimen. We pay no more attention to their individual differences than a cigarette machine does to the differences between one Tareyton and another. And then we expect them to be cured.

All of this Mr. Osborne has seen. It has aroused his indignation and his sense of the ridiculous. He has riddled with scathing satire the notion that men's conduct can be improved, or their better natures stirred, by subjecting them to the control of a despot with unlimited powers. It matters some, but not much, that the despot may be benignant. It is the despotic system that is at fault. To expect men to spend years of their lives doing everything in accordance with fixed rules, going through the minutest motions of the day, from marching to breakfast in the order of physical height to holding up two fingers for bread and three for water, in accordance with fixed methods and in response to fixed signals, and then at the same time to expect them to grow in self-dependence, initiative, and the ability to assume responsibility is like expecting a man to learn to swim by burying his head in a sand-bank. Accordingly, Mr. Osborne has suggested a different procedure. He has suggested that it might be well to keep prisoners in a social milieu something like that into which they are going to be discharged. He has suggested that if we expect men to resume their law-abiding places in society it might be well to give them some chance to develop their talents for living in concert while they are in prison rather than to abstract them from all human activities entirely. He is not the author of this idea; William R. George, founder of the George Junior Republic, saw the possibilities of it long before he did. But he was the first to apply it to adult "hardened" criminals. His scheme of inmate self-government is merely the plan of giving men a chance, while under confinement, of developing group loyalty and consciousness, of learning what an exciting thing it is to live in some kind of friendly and respectful association with one's neighbors. It is not a sentimental fad; it is a helpful suggestion in therapeutics.

This small volume is a statement, in two papers, of Mr. Osborne's criticism of the traditional prison regime and of what he considers to be the advantages of the Mutual Welfare League, or self-government organization. It is not Mr. Osborne's best presentation of the subject; that is contained in his earlier books, "Society and Prisons" and "Within Prison Walls." It is unfortunate that Mr. Osborne, in his criticism of prison methods and his general outlook on penal treatment, does not take more account of the growing body of data being supplied by psychiatric research in regard to the causes of wrongdoing in the individual. He seldom seems to realize the significance of the mental factors in crime or to allow for them in his scheme of treatment. He is a little too absorbedly the advocate of self-government. Yet the discovery of the mental peculiarities of the criminal, of the causes within himself that push him into misconduct, and of the means whereby these can be removed or modified, is the major problem confronting both penologists and criminologists today.

WINTHROP D. LANE

Books in Brief

Chalk Face. By Waldo Frank. Boni and Liveright. $2.

"Chalk Face" is a psychological mystery story. It belongs to the tradition of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Donald Douglas's "The Grand Inquisitor." It is written in the James Joyce idiom. Dr. John Mark, psychologist, tells the story of his own character; how the basic part of his self, his intellect, keeps close at home with his body; how his will, at the tragic crises, objectively materializes in the apparition of the Chalk Face. These two aspects of character not being integrated, they are necessarily opposed, and from this conflict results the crucifixion of the doctor's self. As a psychologist, the doctor sees his problem clearly as a conflict within himself. In the sense that "Chalk Face" sets into motion a whirl of metaphysical speculations it is much more than what it so obviously is, a very original and exciting mystery tale. The style is sometimes very beautiful and sometimes a bit absurd, and by no means so appealing as the style of Mr. Frank's "City Block."

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Trimblerigg. By Laurence Housman. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

The obvious identification of Mr. Trimblerigg with a living English prestidigitator of politics at once creates in Mr. Housman's story an interest hardly sustained by the laborious development of the plot. At the first you admire the ingenious device whereby the tribal divinity who has created Mr. Trimblerigg himself writes the history of his puppet's life. After a time the continuous display of incidents made up to reveal Mr. Trimblerigg's hypocrisy and subtle expediency runs into monotony and repetition. It is a fable which does not become a great story like "Gulliver's Travels" or "Gargantua"; and Mr. Housman's irony, at first sly and malicious, takes on the smooth aspect of a bad habit.

God's Stepchildren. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boni and Liveright. $2.

It is the chief distinction of "God's Stepchildren" that Mrs. Millin scrupulously avoids every temptation of florid melodrama or expository wisdom or intruded sociology. Her subject, the marriage of a missionary with a Hottentot, gives her every chance of display. She might drag in racial theories, or prate solemnly about her characters, or invent blood-boltered situations. Instead she unrolls the course of four generations of mixed blood with an ironic detachment that is all the more effective for its deadly truth. You do see the outsides rather than the souls of the characters. They pass before you meshed in a swift prose covering the years with a painter's brush; and yet you may infer from speech and gesture and action the inner torment and enveloping corruption. Black blood and white cannot mix. The Reverend Andrew Flood visits his inheritance upon his children and his children's children. At the last the wheel comes full ironic circle. The last one goes back to the filth of the Hottentots. It is a picture as cruel and meaningless as life, done with an undeniable distinction.

Blind Man's Buff. By Louis Hemon. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Impressive, undecorated, and, in spite of its unrelieved bleakness, finely balanced fiction.

The Path of the Movies

By GILBERT SELDES

IT would be idle to undertake a commentary on the moving picture without suggesting, beforehand, some of the prejudices with which twelve years of observation have fortified me. I hope to check these prejudices and to verify their relation to actuality, thus preserving my integrity as a critic; but I cannot toss them out of the window. I can only place them conspicuously, so that no one will be misled.

First of all, I agree entirely with the movie men who, about 1914, began to insist that the moving picture is an art. It is also a mechanism and it is also a business; so is the symphony orchestra. We have heard of symphony orchestras which, having become great business organizations, were able to become almost perfect instruments, yet slumped seriously as providers of aesthetic pleasure. The case of the movie is a little different. The producers insisted that their work be called an art, but they were themselves unwilling to submit to the discipline, the mental strain, which the creative life requires. From the first day they struggled to perfect the instrument; from the second, to organize the business. So far as they thought of art at all, they conceived it childishly and vulgarly. Some of them, without thinking, produced work of an extraordinary aesthetic interest, work in which the creative energy communicated itself by appropriate methods.

If the moving picture is an art it must have something to do with the creative impulse; it must have control of its mechanism, and it must use materials adaptable to that mechanism. I make these terms broad and vague, because I have no wish to say that the movie must be thus and thus; yet these are specific requirements. And my whole basis of criticism of the movies lies here, because I hold that the movie is better entertainment when it is good movie. Apart from the pictures of natural phenomena and of current events, you cannot make an interesting picture without sound principles of art.

Briefly, I believe that the contemporary feature picture, the body of the average program, is a failure because the producers are on the wrong track, trying to do things better done elsewhere, neglecting their own mechanism and the things they ought to be doing with it, using unadaptable material, attaching themselves deplorably to the stage and accepting from it a system of acting totally inappropriate to the screen.

These are not the things you think of when you see a dull movie. You think that the taste of the director is bad or that the motives of the characters are muddled or that the situations are incredible or that the actors are hams. The ineptitude and stupidity of the movies were not discovered by intellectuals; read the fan letters in the movie journals, criticizing details in the pictures, and you will understand how obvious these faults are. It is probable that the producer's instinct is frequently wrong; it is certain that the instinct is not checked by sound theory. (The instinct remains in most cases what it was in the beginning—to make money.)

I believe that all these unhappy things would gradually disappear if the movie returned to the right path. I say "returned" because at the outset, without theory, the producers did what they could, using whatever came first to hand, and often hit on the best of all possible materials. The serial thriller, the melodrama, the fantastic movie and the spectacular were all good movie (they were "cinema") even if they were not in every case good movies. Supremely the slapstick comedy as it developed in Chaplin was pure moving picture. All these were presented simply for their value as entertainment; they were crude and awkward, but they were not offensive. Except in the comedies the creative imagination was rudimentary; ingenuity took its place. The mechanism was only beginning to develop. Yet they were on the right path, leading to imagination, fantasy, and a free play for creativeness.

The dominating producing company of today began its career by promising "famous players in famous plays"; by "players" the phrase meant actors, and the "tie-up" with the stage was complete. Readers of Mr. Terry Ramsaye's history of the movie will recall that Mary Pickford became far more important to Famous Players than any famous actor or actress they could import; they will also be aware that neither Chaplin nor Griffith was a great stage star. But the stage influence, utterly alien to the movie, has never been shaken off; even the spectacle film has not been able to overcome the great dramatic feature film. Nor has the single success of Chaplin in creating a method of playing which is not stage-acting persuaded the directors that the moving picture must create its own type of playing. The extraordinary merit of Mary Garden in her field is due to her sense of the relation between playing and music, a relation far removed from that between playing and speaking; and similarly the merit of Chaplin, as a player, is that his expressiveness is related to the screen and not to the spoken word. There is a rhythm in his playing which is appropriate in his medium. There was that, too, in the playing of Werner Krauss and Conrad Veidt, the two chief figures in the almost legendary "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

The moving picture is further astray in thinking so much of its relation to photography. As a result it prides itself on reproductive accuracy instead of on imaginative power. It should, of course, be much closer to painting (and not purely representational painting, in which the only pleasure is in the accuracy of the likeness) and to sculpture and to music. It is absorbed in plot (derived from the stage) and in realism.

Apply these things for a moment to "The Last Laugh," recently shown in New York to an unexpectedly numerous and

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appreciative series of audiences. "The Last Laugh," the work of Murnau and Mayer, is the exact opposite of almost all American moving pictures. In the first place it banishes altogether the aid of subtitles. Everything which needs to be expressed is transposed into visual images. This ought to seem about as revolutionary as saying that a painter has worked in oils instead of in coffee beans to paint a picture of a coffee plantation. The endless application of the camera to stage plays and spectacle has not taught the American director what his camera can do. Secondly, "The Last Laugh" has a story but no "plot"; a hotel-doorman is demoted to be lavatory attendant and an ironical happy ending restores his prestige in the society in which he moves—that is all. Further, the picture is both imaginative and ingenious, more ingenious and less imaginative than "Caligari" but notable in both respects. Its materials are extremely commonplace, yet it is not at all a realistic film; it reproduces actuality for a definite purpose and in a definite design. It has, again less so than "Caligari" but again notably, a rhythm and a life of its own—a life at a tangent to ours, recognizably possible to us if we found ourselves on the screen with the people already there.

That America as a whole and D. W. Griffith in particular have failed to produce hundreds of such films is shocking. (I gather that "Isn't Life Wonderful?", made by Griffith, has unusual quality; I missed it, and now Mr. Griffith has joined Famous Players to make Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan.") There are American methods which Murnau could have used to advantage in "The Last Laugh"; but these are as nothing in comparison with the artistic rightness of the German film—a quality, I hasten to add, which is not German but universal.

Drama

Better than Shakespeare?

"CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA," chosen by the Theater Guild for its first sumptuous production in the new Guild Theater, was, it will be remembered, Shaw's challenge to the Bard and the occasion of that blasphemous question, Better than Shakespeare?, which shocked his contemporaries more profoundly than any of his moral heresies. True to his principles as puritan first and artist afterward, he based his claim not upon form but upon thought, and with a wicked chuckle he dared his fellow-islanders to escape from the dilemma which he had set for them—to deny his superiority without falling into a profession of that artistic immoralism so repulsive to their principles. If, so he said in effect, Antony "cooling a harlot's lust" is a greater man than this Caesar reincarnated as a Shavian superman, and if the poet who painted him as supremely great because he had the weakness to prefer his pleasure to his destiny is a greater poet than the one who celebrates the self-abnegation of Caesar, then the aesthetes are right and the business of the poet is to tickle the senses and to flatter the vanity of his audience. But if these things are not true then Shakespeare must be the lesser artist and not he but Shaw the true voice of England.

From this trap none escaped because Englishmen love to perch upon the horns of a dilemma and call it compromise, but the years have had their revenge and the question is no longer so outrageous as once it was. No puritan myself, I do not recoil with the full Shavian horror from a tragedy which sets up lust, dignified by the price it exacts, as a worthy protagonist against mere ambition; but I can readily grant the superior intellectual force of "Caesar and Cleopatra" and recognize the fact that the author of it set himself a difficult task when he undertook to write a play whose hero was not a great lover but a great man. Shakespeare's play sets me dreaming; Shaw's stirs in me passions which I recognize as of a later birth than those upon which the rival play is based. And when I have said that, I have answered affirmatively the famous question in the sense in which it was meant.

"Caesar and Cleopatra" is not in certain respects the most typical of its author's plays. The dialogue is not, superficially, as brilliant as that of half a dozen others, and those lightning sallies against contemporary follies which seem to many the distinguishing characteristic of his work are here confined to the mouth of a single minor character, that ancient Briton who finds Cleopatra's ceremonial marriage to her brother "not decent" and who considers that "The customs of his little island are the laws of the universe." But whatever it may be superficially, the play is in substance and philosophy pure Shaw. Caesar is as clearly as John Tanner a forerunner of the Superman, and into his mouth is put one of the most impassioned utterances of the Shavian credo. Behind him stalks the shadow of Nietzsche, and when in the midst of conflicting forces born of prejudice, self-interest, and fear he proclaims himself "beyond love and beyond hate" he has become completely not the Caesar of the textbooks but the spokesman of his creator's mysticism. Like all of the author's heroes he is a man completely in the grip of a force larger than himself and not wholly understood, one who feels himself the instrument of a will which is not his but the world's and who gladly yields any aims of his own to the aims of that Purpose which is slowly molding the world and giving in certain great men like himself a hint of the sort of creature which it is striving to produce. Antony will come a few years later and, lying in the arms of the woman whom Caesar could not quite teach to be a queen, he will count the world well lost for love; but Caesar, departing for Rome, barely remembers to say goodby to the girl who was never to him more than a very defective tool of his purpose. And it is not because "Caesar is ambitious" or because he loves conquest for conquest's sake, but because Nature has chosen him for one of her preliminary experiments; and he knows that this is true. He will bring a temporary peace to a world which will not learn for some thousands of years how to value it; he will preach his doctrine to those who, because they cannot cease to seek their own little ends or to babble of "national honor," will not for many generations be able to comprehend him; and when he comes to die he will realize that though he has had no happiness he has had much joy because he has felt himself in harmony with that force which is trying always to make something beyond those erect apes which represent, today, its highest achievement. That is Shaw's Caesar, whatever history's may be; and a very noble one it is.

Much as I enjoyed the present production I must admit that neither the acting nor the direction seems up to the usual standard of the Theater Guild. Various unevennesses in the mechanics will doubtless be smoothed out, but Helen Hayes will, I fear, never be a very convincing Cleopatra nor Lionel Atwill a very satisfactory Caesar. Miss Hayes has far too much the air of a flapper in masquerade, and in the moments which require a suggestion of power her voice is simply not adequate to the emotion which it is called upon to express. Mr. Atwill is sometimes good, but occasionally, as in the soliloquy with the Sphinx, astonishingly feeble and most of the time much too complacent. Shaw's Caesar was a man who felt the weight of a tragic destiny; Mr. Atwill is a romantic actor who hugely enjoys holding the center of the stage.

"Wild Birds," the California prize-play produced at the Cherry Lane, was obviously written by a man without great experience in writing for the stage, but it has much of both fancy and imagination. The author may very well have an important future. "The Backslapper" (Hudson Theater) is the story of a hail-fellow-well-met who finds that there are limits to what back-slapping can accomplish. It is without subtleties but effective in an obvious sort of way. "The Servant in the House," revived for a series of special matinees at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, does not grow less prolix or feeble with age. Pedro de Cordoba gives as good a performance as the part permits.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Economic Consequences of Foreign Rule in India

By SAVEL ZIMAND

OF all Indian problems that of its poverty is the most vital. India's hope for self-government, her ambition to develop a popular electorate, her desire for future development of the country are all affected by this problem. The fundamental cause of the present unrest will probably be found to be in the misery of the masses. The general economic condition of India was summed up for me by Sir M. Visvesvaraya, head of a large industrial establishment and formerly chief minister of the native state of Mysore, in the two words: ignorance and poverty.

To give only a few figures. Agriculture forms the one predominant occupation. According to the 1921 census figures 75 per cent of the population—which means 219 million people—gain their livelihood from the soil and 12 per cent are engaged in industries of various kinds; over thirty-four million are hand-workers, artisans and mill-workers of various kinds, while there are about two million employees in some 7,000 large industrial establishments. In 1924 reliable estimates put the average annual income per head in India at $15. The statistical branch of the Madras Department of Agriculture worked out the average income per head for the 423 million inhabitants of the Madras Presidency as being $34; but this maximum figure should be discounted to a great extent by the reduced purchasing power of the rupee (Indian currency).

What these figures mean we are told in a study of "The Indian Food Problem" for a period of seven years (1911-12 to 1917-18), made by Mr. Dayashankar Dubey, an Indian economist. "Taking an average of all the seven years," he says in conclusion, "it will be seen that 64.6 per cent of the population live always on insufficient food, getting only about 73 per cent of the minimum requirement for maintaining efficiency."

In many parts of India the cultivators obtain employment only for six or eight months in the year. Whether there is a good or bad monsoon tens of millions are doomed to poverty. The amount of rainfall decides only the degree of poverty for the coming year. The rainy season, which generally starts the middle of June and lasts until September, is also the time when whole cities are under water, bridges are washed away, telegraph wires are cut off, and large tracts of territory are inundated. Thousands of persons become homeless overnight and their furniture and belongings float away in the water. Other thousands perish. One of my traveling companions in India told me that in his town, somewhere in the South, out of 12,000 inhabitants only one thousand survived after a monsoon flood. "And if there is too little rainfall," he added, "we have famine."

The housing conditions do not present a more encouraging sight. The great majority of cultivators live in mud-plastered huts, and those I have seen were in a horrible condition. "Eighty per cent of the cultivators," said Sir M. Visvesvaraya, "live in mud huts sheltered by thatched roofs." The slums of Bombay and Calcutta are worse than any I have seen in Europe or America.

In an official report to the Government a woman doctor who inspected the tenements of Bombay tells that "for fourteen hours of the twenty-four the family inhale an atmosphere laden with smoke and other impurities. Nearly every charol (tenement house) contains animals such as goats, fowls, cats, and in some cases monkeys. Rats were also in evidence in most rooms visited. . . . In one room on the second floor of a charol, measuring some fifteen feet by twelve feet, I found six families living. Six separate ovens on the floor proved this statement. On inquiry I ascertained that the actual number of adults and children living in this room was thirty. . . . Three out of six women who lived in this room were shortly expecting to be delivered. . . . When I questioned the district nurse who accompanied me as to how she would arrange for privacy in this room, I was shown a small space some three feet by four feet, which was usuallly screened off for the purpose."

According to the Bombay census of 1921 over 70 per cent of the workers of the city dwell in single rooms and on an average it comes to over four persons per room. About a fifth of the single rooms in Bombay contain from six to nine persons and 13 per cent have ten persons in each room.

Such housing conditions, combined with the low standard of living, explain the high death-rate in India, which in 1921 was 30.59 a thousand, while the United States' death-rate in 1923 was 12.3 and Great Britain's 11.7. The average expectation of life in India is about twenty-four years, while it is about fifty for males in the United States.

The semi-official review *India in 1922-23* states that the infant mortality is appalling. "It has been calculated that every year no fewer than two million Indian babies die; while many of those who survive continue weak and feeble through unhygienic surroundings in their infancy. Indeed, although birth registration is still too inaccurate to make precise figures reliable, it may be stated with confidence that one in five, or perhaps even one in four, of the infants born in India dies within the first year of life. In crowded cities, particularly industrial cities, the rate is still higher."

I have never passed a city without hearing about epidemics and disease. In one city it was smallpox, in others typhus, cholera, or plague, and malaria everywhere. Diseases are prevalent during all seasons. But as summer comes epidemics develop. In different parts of India I met children with smallpox running around the streets. The religious prejudices against modern medicine and the fatalistic nature of the people surely form a great hindrance to exterminating disease. But the real cause we must seek in the low standard of vital efficiency caused by the low standard of living and in the insufficient medical organization of the country.

India is a country where ninety-four out of every hundred are illiterate. Out of the 247 million inhabitants of British India, where education is more widely diffused than in the native states, only 8,380,000 are under instruction. And as the Educational Commissioner with the Government of India tells in his "Progress of Education for 1917-1922," only a small percentage of the boys who enter a primary school complete the course, and a considerable number of those who complete their course are found after a few years to be unable to read or write.

These figures, however, give only a faint idea of the misery prevailing in India. And these statistics remain meaningless if we don't interpret them in terms of human

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life. Wherever I went in India I found the masses underfed, badly housed, and illiterate. The causes of these evils may lie in the economy, the education, and the habits of the people. It should be remembered that in the last fifteen years the population has increased over 54 per cent. But responsibility for their persistence cannot be evaded by those who have controlled the country's destiny for 150 years.

The Nationalists claim that India is regarded by the British Government "as a plantation, growing raw products to be shipped by British agents in British ships, to be worked into fabrics by British skill and capital, and to be exported to India by British merchants to their British shops there and elsewhere." It is claimed that the Government has neglected primary education because an educated people would assert more ardently the right of India. It is alleged that the Government is responsible for the decay of handicrafts and the substitution of foreign for home manufactures, and these are given as another reason for the increasing poverty.

When the British first came to India, the hand-made cotton goods, manufacture of which was a main occupation of the people, sold at such low rates that Britain imposed a heavy tariff on Indian cotton in order to protect its own manufacturers. And later, by putting very low import duties on its own manufactures, it created a monopoly for British goods and gave no protection to Indian craftsmen.

The agricultural output of the country has been increased by large irrigation schemes. In British India as a whole 67,000 miles of canals irrigate 28,000,000 acres and new schemes under construction will increase the irrigated area to 40,000,000 acres. The cooperative societies promoted by the Government have been of great help to the cultivator. But bigger schemes are necessary for the improvement of agriculture. The prevalent land tax is antiquated, burdensome, and requires a change. Tractor plowing is used by very few, good roads are rare, sanitation is on a low level, and prevailing illiteracy is a great handicap.

Railways have been built under British rule which extend from one end of the country to the other. But the forests and the natural resources of India are so far undeveloped.

Industry and commerce have not been sufficiently encouraged. The main industrial enterprises are not Indian but British.

The high cost of the British administration helps only to intensify the poverty of the country. It is claimed that the salaries of the Indian Civil Service are far in excess of what India can afford to pay. Few countries can claim a more efficient civil service. But it cannot be denied that it is an expensive service. This can readily be seen by comparing the salaries of a few posts in India with similar ones in the United States. The Viceroy gets a salary of about $83,000 with various allowances; the President of the United States receives $75,000. The pay of a member of the Viceroy's Council is about $26,000; a cabinet member in America receives $12,000. The Governor of Madras Presidency gets $40,000 besides certain allowances; the Governor of New York State receives $10,000. The Chief Justice of Bengal gets $24,000; the Chief Justice of the United States receives $15,000. The average salary of a man holding a superior executive post is about $9,000. But the pay of a constable, a position held by Indians, varies from $50 to $84 per year.

It is also alleged that the wealth of the country is being reduced because a large part of the income of the British of India is spent in England. "Upon civil and military pensions alone," says J. Ramsay MacDonald in "The Government of India," "the Indian taxpayer has to find for claimants living in England something like 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 pounds a year. And these dead charges under a foreign government are doubly serious, for they are not only drawn from Indian production but are withdrawn from India itself."

Turning to the military expenditures of the country we find that they are extremely high. The net military expenditure estimated for the year 1924-25 is about $200,833,334, and the net charges of the Central Government of India, estimated for 1924-25, amount to about $301,900,000. The expenditure on the defense of the country amounts to about 66 2/3 per cent of the net expenditure of the Central Government.

Mr. MacDonald in "The Government of India" says that "a large part of the army in India—certainly one-half—is an imperial army which we require for other than purely Indian purposes, and its cost, therefore, should be met from imperial and not Indian funds. When we stationed troops in other parts of the empire, we did not charge them upon the colonies, but in India we have the influence of the dead hand."

Indians point to the great progress made by Japan in the last fifty years and complain that their backwardness is due to the reluctance and lack of interest of the British, because of self-interest, to develop the economic resources of the country. It is true, they say, that India's population has increased 54 per cent since 1872. But the populations of Japan and Germany have had porportionately a higher rate of growth, and, having developed the industries, there is little difficulty in supporting the people.

The moderate Indian says: "Millions and millions of money have gone out of the country to purchase iron and steel products and machinery in the past. We have the raw material, we have the men. We are already making pig iron cheaper than it can be manufactured in any other part of the world. If timely measures are adopted, steel manufactures and machinery can be made equally cheap within the country. But the change will not come about unless fiscal autonomy is first conceded."

Plans for Reform in India

THE Reforms Inquiry Committee appointed early in 1924 to inquire into the possibility of making modifications in the Government of India Act of 1919 has issued a majority and a minority report—in other words, an official and a non-official report. Indian opinion seems to be solidly hostile to the majority report and to support the minority views. The Government has announced that there will be no discussion of the report in the present session of the legislature and that it has not yet decided on its policy. Lord Reading, Viceroy of India, is now in London; the announcement upon his return to India of the future policy of Great Britain will mark a crucial moment in Indian affairs. The tempestuous Swarajist leader, C. R. Das, has recently issued a manifesto expressing a desire for friendly cooperation between Englishmen and Indians in the attainment of Swaraj. If this "gesture of approach" receives a rebuff by further repressive measures, violence is the probable result. The majority

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report includes the views of Sir Alexander Muddiman, Sir Muhammad Shafi, the Maharajah of Burdwan, Sir A. H. Froom, and Sir Henry Moncrieff-Smith; the minority report was signed by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Sir Sivaswamy Aiyar, Mr. Jinnah, and Dr. Paranjpye. The following summary of the two reports is taken from the *Manchester Guardian* of March 16:

The majority, in their report, confine their recommendations to suggesting remedies consistent with the policy and aim of the Government of India Act. The minority go so far as to describe the act as a failure, and they suggest some constitution "on a permanent basis." After an exhaustive review of the evidence the majority conclude that dyarchy has not failed. They point out that the existing constitution is giving a training in parliamentary government to the electorate and also to the members of the legislatures and to Indian ministers. They say:

> While the period in which the present constitution has been in force has been too short to enable a well-founded opinion as to its success to be formed, the evidence before us is far from convincing that it has failed. If recently in some of the provinces it has not achieved the expected measure of success it is because it was not worked on the lines and in the spirit it was intended. We hold, in fact, that except by some form of dualism it was not possible to afford an equally valuable training for the responsible Government in India and still to safeguard those conditions upon which government depends.

The majority go on to say that generally speaking most [redacted]e Indian witnesses before the commission, after attack[redacted]e present constitution as unworkable, have advocated [redacted]diate grant of provincial autonomy to the provinces [redacted]oduction of a measure of responsibility to the [redacted]he Central Government. So far as the Cen[redacted]is concerned a common form the recommenda[redacted]esses took was for the transfer to the admin[redacted]nisters responsible to the legislature of all sub[redacted](1) political and foreign relations and (2) defense. [redacted]rity think that the implication of "provincial [redacted]y" is not fully understood by some witnesses.

Referring to the permanent services the majority accept the view of the Government of the United Provinces as best summarizing their view. The United Provinces Government say that the services are losing their former keenness, "while the attitude of the legislature has been to create in the minds of Englishmen serving in India an impression of hostility and a feeling of insecurity which makes it difficult for them to give of their best."

The majority suggest no remedy on this point beyond saying that if the recommendations of the Lee Commission are given effect to "it is essential in the interests of India that the position of the services should be safeguarded." As practical men the majority say they must recognize the seriousness of inter-communal friction "which has always been evident in India, but more frequently so during the last few years." They hold that this makes for difficulties in constitutional government.

Majority Recommendations

The main recommendations of the majority report are as follows:

> The control of the Secretary of State and of the Secretary of State in Council over the official governments in India in cases affecting purely Indian interests should be relaxed.
>
> The Viceroy and other high officials should be exempt from the jurisdiction of all courts.
>
> Bills affecting Hindu or Mohammedan law should be referred, after leave for introduction has been given, to two standing committees, the latter should be appointed by a committee of selection.
>
> The corrupt influencing of votes within any of the

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legislative bodies by bribery, intimidation, etc., should be made a penal offense.

The bar against women being elected or nominated as members of either Chamber of the Indian Legislature or of the Provincial Councils should be removed by resolutions in the Chamber and in the Councils.

There should be special representation for factory laborers in the Legislative Assembly.

The Governor General should have power to nominate persons to be members of either Chamber of the legislature as experts for particular bills.

A minister should ordinarily get the same salary as a member of the Executive Council.

The Governor's control over his ministry should be more expressly indicated.

A minister on resigning should have the right to make in the Council a personal explanation of the cause of his resignation.

Representation of the depressed classes in the Provincial Councils should be increased.

The Minority View

The minority begin by saying that in the matter of remedial proposals their scope was very much limited by the language used in the terms of reference. While they agree with the majority that the constitution as a whole requires to be worked by reasonable men of reasonable spirit if deadlocks are not to ensue, they venture to think that this would hold good in the case of any other constitution. In their opinion "Dyarchy was worked in that spirit of reasonableness during its first three years." The system had been severely tested during the course of 1924, and it had practically broken down in two provinces—Bengal and the Central Provinces. Dyarchy had failed for several reasons.

> The ministers' position could not be one of real responsibility. Excepting to a partial extent in Madras, almost everywhere else ministers had been dealt with individually by governors and not on the footing of collective responsibility. The close inter-connection between the subjects of administration, which had been divided into "reserved" and "transferred," had made it extremely difficult for legislatures at times to make in practice a distinction between the two sections of the government, with the result that the policy of administration of the "reserved" half of the government had not infrequently been potent factors in determining the attitude of the legislatures toward the ministers.

The Meston Award, which had been the corner-stone of the entire financial system, had crippled the resources of the provinces, and had prevented ministers from developing nation-building departments to the extent which would have enabled them to produce any substantial results. Finally the minority quote the Bihar Government as correctly summing up the position in the provinces by saying that dyarchy is working "creakily" and "minor remedies may cure a creak or two." The minority say that even examination in detail of the sections of the Government of India Act with the view to seeing how far "creaks" discovered can be "cured" satisfies them that substantial results are not obtainable. The minority think that:

> No alternative transitional system can be devised which can satisfactorily solve the administrative or political difficulties which have been brought to our notice. To our minds the proper question to ask is not whether any alternative transitional system can be devised, but whether the constitution could not be put on a permanent basis with provisions for automatic progress in the future so as to secure stability in the Government and willing co-operation of the people. We can only express the hope that a serious attempt may be made at an early date to solve the question. That this attempt should be made—whether by the appointment of a Royal Commission with freer terms of reference and larger scope of inquiry than ours or by any other agency—is a question which we earnestly commend to the notice of the Government.

India's Defense

The minority pay little attention to communal differences. They enter a caveat against "the tendency to exaggerate the extent of these communal differences." They think that the franchise in every province should be carefully examined, and wherever it admits of lowering it should be lowered so as to secure the enfranchisement of a substantially large number of people.

As regards defense against foreign aggression, the minority say that the responsibility should rest with the Central Government. They also feel "there is urgent and pressing need for taking active steps to prepare India for her defense so that she may take over ultimately the management of her resources of defense."

The commission obtained the views of the governments of Madras, Bombay, Bengal, the United Provinces, the Punjab, Burma, Bihar and Orissa, the Central Provinces, and Assam, as well as of a large number of ministers, ex-ministers, and witnesses of all classes and creeds. Incidentally the majority point out that it was not suggested to them from any source that the legislatures in India should be provided with a complete code of powers, privileges, and immunities, as is the case with most of the legislatures in other parts of the empire. They conclude that

> Eventually no doubt similar provision will be made in the constitution of British India. But we are of opinion that at present such action would be premature. At the same time we feel that the legislatures and the members thereof have not been given by the Government of India Act all the protection they need.

Sir William Marris, the Governor of the United Prov... who played a conspicuous part in drafting the Montag... ford Report, informed the commission that he w... there was no half-way house between the pres... constitution. He was sure that concessions wi... complete provincial autonomy "will placate n... opponents of the existing system."

Sir Henry Wheeler, Governor of Bihar and Or... commission that if the object of the inquiry was to... all costs the Government's critics "the few minor rem... be suggested would not influence them one jot or tittle, ... will be satisfied with nothing less than the disappearance ... diarchy and the substitution therefor of provincial autonom...

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